

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series {
Volume XXIV. }

No. 3133—July 23, 1904.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXLII. }

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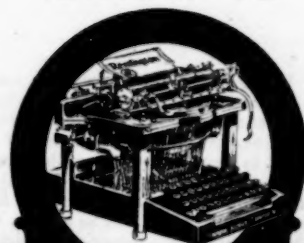
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ONE has only to look over the current magazines and newspapers to note the present great number of localities and transportation lines bidding for the summer vacationist. It is certain, however, that competition has not diminished the prestige of Maine and New Hampshire as resorts for the seeker after summer rest. The glories of the White Mountains were never appreciated by so many people as at present and the beauties of Maine are attracting more visitors than ever. As a writer in the *Portland Daily Advertiser* has lately said: "Every field is a landscape, every mountain a picture, and every cloud a panorama. The bewildering sunsets, alone, are sufficient to draw all lovers of the beautiful. One cannot become lonely or sad. I say to the sick, to the overworked, to the disheartened, to those who seek rest, go to Maine woods. The pure air will calm and soothe your nerves. The delicious pure water will cleanse your system of all impurities; the tall pines will sing you to sleep." He also calls attention to the fact that shooting and fishing are far from being the whole attraction of the Maine forest. There is plenty of amusement to be had without the use of rod or gun.

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VERMONT'S SCENIC WONDERS.

Vacationist Raves Over Beauties of the Green Mountain State.

"I have sailed through the island-bespangled inland sea of Japan; have looked with delight upon the Maraquina valley in the Philippines, and traversed the beautiful walks of Honolulu, all embowered as each of these scenes are with the fervid scenery of the tropics," writes a Colorado man who has just passed a vacation among the green hills, "but for genuinely beautiful and invigorating surroundings I commend to all the most enchanting spot on earth,—Vermont. Nowhere can be found a more charming combination of lake and forest, mountains, rivers and valleys, than here; and to look upon St. Alban's bay, and out into the beautiful sheet of water known as Lake Champlain, is to renew one's youth again. And then on every hand may be seen comfortable farmhouses, whose surroundings, all one mass of verdure sprinkled with wild flowers, furnish a scene calculated to fairly enchant a stranger in the State. I should like to write a great deal more about this State, but will reserve further comment for better acquaintance. But I shall recall my visit to Vermont with deep pleasure, and the placid but unsurpassable beauty of her scenery will remain in the sketch book of memory for a long time. I could imagine a worse fate than to live in Vermont all the time—but I could not imagine a more beautiful country." Send six cents in stamps to T. H. Hanley, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Ry., 360 Washington St., Boston, for beautifully illustrated book describing the charms of the Green Mountain State.

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SEVENTH SERIES
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FROM BEGINNING
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INNOVATIONS OF TIME ON THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

"Time," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" Has this aphorism held true in the case of the American Constitution, which, saving the anti-slavery amendments, has gone without material alteration for a century during which "the greatest innovator" has been pretty actively at work?

Gladstone deemed the American Constitution the greatest of all original productions in its line. This was high praise from a high quarter. It was remarked at the time that the production in great part was not original. The authors had before them, besides their own convention as a basis, the model of Parliamentary government in England, of which they unquestionably availed themselves largely, though as authors of a revolution they naturally did not care to refer to it. Their credit, however, if their work was good, was not the less because they made the best use of the materials with which experience had supplied them.

Nor is it to be imputed as a fault to

the framers of the Constitution that they embraced the view of humanity current in their day and embodied in the Declaration of Independence without limitations and safeguards which we now know to have been required. With the great social and political thinkers of their age, they assumed the natural equality of man and regarded human form as a presumptive title not only to freedom, but to the possession of political power. What they had before them as the basis of their polity was the educated, law-abiding, civilized, and substantial population of the Northern states. The slave-owning South, in their eyes, was a transient anomaly. The Red Indian was an utter alien. They could not foresee the vast inflow of foreign immigration. They could not foresee the growth of factory life. They could not foresee the slums of New York and Chicago. They could not foresee the Trust or the multi-millionaire.

Not that the Fathers recommended universal suffrage, or that there is any reason for assuming that the wisest of them looked forward to it. It is morally certain that some of them

would have been opposed to it. They were themselves members of a sort of aristocracy of property, culture, and even family, combined with a powerful clergy, and there was nothing to warn them that in the womb of the future was mob-rule incarnate in Andrew Jackson.

All due allowance, however, having been made for the shortness of mortal sight, there were faults, and as the result has shown, disastrous faults in the work of the Fathers, who, though men of great sense and experience, were men.

The seat of the sovereign power was left unsettled. This may have been a necessity of the case. The States, some of them at all events, would have refused to come into the Union if they had known that their sovereignty was being resigned. Mr. Lodge goes so far as to hold that the Constitution was universally regarded as an experiment from which each and every State had a right peaceably to withdraw. This may be rather an extreme view. But any one who has studied the tendency and temper of those times will be inclined to think that it is at least nearer the truth than its direct opposite. In the North the national idea gained ascendancy over that of State sovereignty as time went on. New States were added practically on a national footing. To some of them secession would have been physically impossible, as they were without a seaboard and were locked in by adjoining States. Nor in the North was there any separate and threatened interest to be guarded by State right. In the South there was such an interest and one the importance of which tremendously increased as time went on; besides the local and traditional conservatism of the people, and the geographical position of the old States, each of which had a seaboard and was thus physically capable of secession. The result,

as we know, was that the question indefinitely postponed by the framers of the Constitution had to be settled at last by a tremendous war, a war which has left profound traces on the character of the nation. Even since that war the seat of the sovereign power has not been thoroughly settled. So good an authority as the Honorable Daniel K. Chamberlain holds that it is divided between the nation and the States, though how a sovereign power can be divided it is difficult to see! delegated, of course, it may be. When a labor agitator is depriving the continent of fuel, and the Governor of the State shrinks from acting, the head of the nation can do nothing but enter into negotiation with the agitator. The character of the whole nation is being lowered in the eyes of the world by the lynchings, and the lawlessness which they breed is becoming generally infectious; yet the national government, after the enormous sacrifices made to assert its ascendancy, looks on without power to interfere. The Fifteenth Amendment is cynically nullified by the South, and the national legislature does not venture to interpose.

The Fathers evidently allowed themselves to be led astray by Montesquieu. Montesquieu's style is superb. His air is highly philosophic. Perhaps he was really advanced as a pioneer of political science for his day, though his analysis is not superior to that of Aristotle. But he misread the British Constitution, under which, though the legislative, administrative, and judicial functions are separate, as in advanced civilization they must always be, the power which controls them is one, and has passed in the course of history from the Crown, its original seat, to Parliament, and finally to the elective House. The consequence of following Montesquieu we see. Whereas under the British system the executive and the legislature work together, the legisla-

ture being led by the members of the executive, under the American system they are severed from each other and not seldom at variance, while the two Houses of the legislature are severally left without constitutional leadership; the Senate being under caucus leadership, the House of Representatives being saved from anarchy by the departure of the Speaker from his proper office as impartial chairman to act as the leader of a party.

Again, there were inserted into the Constitution two compacts, which, however inevitable in themselves, had surely no business in that document. One was the compact with slavery. It seems vain to contend that there was not a compact with slavery, or that the compact was not morally broken when the North countenanced Abolitionism, practically nullified the fugitive slave law, and elected an anti-slavery President. The breach may have been glorious. It certainly was happy for humanity. But we can hardly deny that there was a breach, or maintain that the right of secession from the Union did not thereupon apparently accrue to the Slave States.

The other compact was that with the minor States, assuring them of equal representation with the great States in the Senate. This also has had consequences unforeseen and disastrous. By the multiplication of States with small populations, the anomalies of representation in the Senate have become in their way hardly less striking than were the anomalies of representation in the English House of Commons before the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832. This Mr. McCall's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* has shown. Taking Nevada, with its population of 42,000 and its two Senators, as the scale, we find that the Senate represents the merest fraction of the American people. The case, in fact, is in one aspect worse than that of the unreformed

Parliament of England, since the owners of nomination boroughs often exercised their patronage by sending to Parliament young men of promise, and the nation drew some of its greatest statesmen from that source. No such opening is afforded in the case of the Senate. The character of that body as shown by the early debates on the question of the commercial relations with Cuba is that of a representation of commercial interests combined for their mutual protection. Of breadth of view, of anything worthy of the name of statesmanship in the Senate, not much is seen. Its great object of interest seems to be the tariff. Comparing its intelligence with the general intelligence of the American people, one is almost inclined to say that American traders are statesmen and American statesmen are traders. Elections to the Senate being vested in conclaves seem to be carried in an increasing degree by the influence of wealth, if not by its actual application, and the ambition of Mr. Addicks appears to be not chimerical though it may be unblushing. His foot is on the threshold; nor perhaps, should he effect an entrance, would he find himself utterly without mates. Meanwhile the Senate has been gradually drawing power to itself. The framers of the Constitution probably expected that the chief seat of authority would be in the popular House. But the members of that House are elected for too short a term to learn statesmanship or even to find their legislative feet. Re-elections appear to be not very common, the feeling being that the honor and pleasure of sitting in the House and residing at Washington should go round. The hubbub which prevails in the Chamber and which has been compared to the sound of the waves chopping on the beach, is an index to its chaotic state; while in the Senate comparative

order reigns. Several cases have of late been reported of members of the House who have resolved to retire because there was nothing worth doing to be done and they were wasting time which might be spent more profitably on their own affairs. Plutocratic oligarchy riding on the shoulders of democracy is the singular result to which the course of things at present seems to tend.

It is with regard to the form provided for the election of the President, however, that the work of the Fathers has most signally and perhaps most unhappily failed. Their intention was that the President should be elected by chosen bodies of select and responsible citizens. For a time the nominations were kept, if not in the hands which the legislators had intended, at least in select hands. But since the Jacksonian era, nomination and election have been completely in the hands of the democracy at large, and the election has been performed by a process of national agitation and conflict which sets at work all the forces of political intrigue and corruption on the most enormous scale, besides filling the country with passions almost as violent and anti-social as those of civil war. The qualification for the nomination is no longer eminence but availability. It is not a question which man is most worthy of public confidence, but which man can carry New York or Ohio. Anything like military or naval success, however unaccompanied by any presumption of statesmanship, dazzles, as the line of Presidents and nominees shows, and is preferred to political qualifications. Admiral Dewey was near being nominated for President. The nominating conventions are vast orgies of intrigue and uproar, the issue of which is not likely to be the choice of the worthiest. If Lincoln was nominated, his success was due not so much to his

merits as to local clamor. One nomination was gained, it appeared, by flashy metaphor and a big voice. The power of the big voice, though unaccompanied by the big brain, in a reign of the convention wigwam and the stump is very great. To one who made that remark it was replied that clearness of voice was more effective than loudness. Whether it was drum or fife that prevailed, it was still sound and not sense.

We must go back to the Guelphs and Ghibelins of the Italian Republics to find a legal recognition of faction as the ruling power of a state. Under the soft name of "party," faction is now in the United States fully recognized by law; legal enactments are made for its operation, and a distribution of offices, such as those of the Civil Service Commissioners, is by law directed to be made on party lines. A nation which deliberately gives itself up to government by faction signs its own doom. The end may be delayed, but it is sure. The party organizations have overlaid the American Constitution. For this the framers of the Constitution are not to blame. Their sagacity must have been supernatural to foresee the Machine and the Boss. Washington abhorred party, and regarded it as a disease which he hoped to avert by putting Federalists and anti-Federalists in his Cabinet together. Our present system of party government is the offspring of the struggle in England between constitutionalism, represented by the Hanoverians, and despotism, represented by the Stuarts. That struggle gave it for the time a reasonable warrant. A reasonable warrant was given it again by the division of opinion on the French Revolution, and once more by the division on the subject of Parliamentary reform. So, in the United States, while the struggle with slavery lasted, party was a

natural and inevitable, though baneful and anti-social, bond. But in ordinary times there is nothing to divide a nation into two halves perpetually waging political war against each other, and striving, each of them, to make government miscarry in its rival's hands. To justify party government, Mr. Olney says, there must be a strong and honest Opposition. But supposing there is no vital issue on which an Opposition can be rationally formed—is it to be formed by conscription? As a matter of fact, the masses follow a shibboleth, often hereditary, almost always devoid of sense. The Republican and Democratic parties in the United States are now two standing machines, waging everlasting war for the Presidency and an immense patronage. Platforms are made up when a Presidential election impends simply with a view to carrying that election. The parties have no fixed creed or abiding character. The Democratic party lost its vital force when slavery fell. It was an alliance of the Southern slave-owner with the commercial plutocracy of the North, drawing in their train the Irish populace of the Northern cities. One who had formed his idea of the Republican party half a century ago would hardly know the party again now. Lincoln, with his pure patriotism and his humanitarianism, would find himself strangely out of place. The grand aim of each party is to prevent the country from being successfully governed by its rival. Each will do anything to catch votes, and anything rather than lose them. Government consequently, is at the mercy of any organization which has votes on a large scale to sell. The Grand Army of the Republic is thus enabled to levy upon the nation tribute to the amount of a hundred and forty millions thirty-six years after the war, while both parties

in their platforms promise their countenance to the exaction. The history of the most corrupt monarchies could hardly furnish a more monstrous case of financial abuse, to say nothing of the effect upon national character. The late J. M. Forbes, of Boston, was a strong Republican as well as the best of citizens. He said, as we learn from his Memoir, that the war with Spain was no philanthropic war, but was made to keep a party in power. Each party machine has a standing army of wire-pullers with an apparatus of intrigue and corruption, to the support of which holders of offices under Government are assessed. The Boss is a recognized authority, and mastery of unscrupulous intrigue is his avowed qualification for his place. The pest of partyism invades municipal administration, and makes New York the plunder of thieves of one party, and Philadelphia of thieves of the other. It is surely impossible that any nation should endure such a system for ever.

Another growth, less noxious than the above-named, but still noxious, seems to be that of localism in elections. This the people have voluntarily imposed upon themselves. It cannot fail to deprive the commonwealth of good servants. George W. Curtis was excluded from public life because he happened to reside in a Democratic district and no constituency would elect a non-resident.

"If time of course alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" But in this case how are wisdom and counsel to be brought into play? If either party attempted to amend the Constitution, the other party would try at once to raise a storm. The modes of constitutional amendment are excessively cumbrous and difficult; so that to carry

an amendment of any importance it took the momentum of civil war; a defect perhaps partly due to the vicious entanglement of compact in the cases of slavery and of representation in the Senate with the proper functions of legislation.

There are two matters, both most momentous, both fraught with peril, which were as far as possible from the thoughts of the framers of the Constitution, but with which its revisers, if ever it is revised, will be called upon to deal. One of these is the constitutional treatment of the emancipated negro; the other is that of the application of the Constitution to oversea conquests and possessions.

The status of the emancipated negro is the subject of the only important amendments passed since the era of the Constitution. Unfortunately those amendments were framed not by cool-headed statesmen, but by ardent friends of the negro, fired with victory in a long and desperate war over that object of their hatred, the Southern white, while a leading man among them had a personal injury to avenge. Nor is it necessary to dilate on the difficulties of the problem. They press on all American minds. The Roman commons were right in deeming political equality incomplete till they had extorted from the patricians the right of intermarriage. Of two races, one of which spurns intermarriage with the other, no political architect apparently can construct a Democratic Republic. Nor does the negro appear as yet, in St. Domingo or elsewhere, to have developed real aptitude for self-government. The highest statesmanship with a perfectly free hand might devise and establish a harmonious settlement. But the highest statesmanship is not forthcoming; nor, if it were, would party allow it a free hand.

The attempt of the Supreme Court

to determine the constitutional status of the oversea conquests and possessions, there being absolutely no data, seemed little more hopeful than the schoolman's attempt to measure the possible action of a chimera. Of the existence of conquered and subject territories the framers of the Constitution never dreamed; they would have shrunk from the thought if they had. In annexing Hawaii and in conquering the Philippines the American Republic has departed from its fundamental principles and changed its character. Its possession of the canal, and practically of Panama, seems likely to lead on to the ultimate annexation of Mexico and the whole of Central America. These being added to the Southern States, with their negroes and their un-republican sentiment, the result can hardly fail to be either a radical change of polity from the Republican form to something practically Imperial, such as is the necessary concomitant of empire, or to the disruption of the Union. Jingoism is still in full blast. Flag-worship is the religion of the day. Language the most anti-Jeffersonian and anti-humanitarian, to use no stronger term, is rife in the press. Every day produces something betokening an advance upon that line. An eminent journal settles the Panama question by saying, "It is in our line of business; we have got it, and we mean to keep it." There are still, undoubtedly, forces, and powerful forces, on the other side. But the balance wavers. It is a critical hour in the life of the American Republic, and therefore in the life of the world.

That the American people have political wisdom and force to deal with the crisis in their destinies no one who has lived among them will doubt, though the proportion of the self-governing and controlling element in the population is being dangerously

reduced by the vast inflow of foreign elements and the infecundity of the American women. But to such an effort the leadership of a great man is almost indispensable, and under such conditions, with such modes of

electing the chief of the State, how and from what quarter is the great man to appear? The forces of political self-preservation and recovery undoubtedly are there, but how are those forces to be brought to bear?

Goldwin Smith.

The Monthly Review

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR JOCELYN GILLIBRAND.

Mrs. Ullathorne was forced to stay over Sunday with us, for though armies of stout lassies were employed in scrubbing and cleaning the Hall, it was as yet so far from habitable that my Mother would not hear of our guest removing thither. Moreover, Malachi had been despatched to Liverpool to purchase bedding, cooking utensils and other indispensable household goods, and it would have been impossible for her to take possession of her new premises until his return.

Well do I remember that Sunday morning. We walked, as usual, across the fields to Church; my Father and Mother leading the way as was their wont, each holding a hand of little Johnny, who was very proud of being permitted to discard his frock and to appear in his little coat and breeches, with white stockings and buckle shoes complete. I followed next, arrayed in my best suit, and reverently carrying not only my own books but those of Mrs. Dorothy. She was habited in black, with a soft lawn kerchief at her neck, and a very elegant hood. I mind her dress well because of Lady Gillibrand's strictures on it.

The first bell was still ringing as we filed through the Church door, which was as it should be, for Lady

Gillibrand was mighty particular in this respect; it was her custom to seat herself in the family pew at the first stroke of this bell, and woe betide any of the congregation who arrived after it had ceased ringing. From behind the red baize curtain her Ladyship kept watch, and all hapless stragglers were severely reprimanded.

Nevertheless her Son, Sir Jocelyn, not infrequently put in a tardy appearance, for as often as not, instead of taking his place by his Mother's side in the coach, he walked across the fields with his dog at his heels, and switching with his cane at the wayside grasses as though it had been a week-day; there were even folks who averred that in fine weather he sometimes whistled as he went. None of the congregation would have dreamt of imitating such conduct, and many of the elders were grieved for her Ladyship, knowing well what a sore trial it must be to one of her high principles that her own Son, and the Lord of the Manor to boot, should permit himself these indulgences. And when, on quitting the Church, we saw the dog which had been tethered by the gate leap up with unseemly barking and fawn upon his master, those possessed of right feeling amongst us turned our heads away.

My Lady Gillibrand always drove to

Church and back in a coach-and-four, and preceded by an outrider. Ferneby Hall lay but a mile away, 'twas true, and her Ladyship was a stout walker; but as she frequently said she would have deemed it a want of respect to visit the House of God in less state than she would have used in calling upon a neighbor; therefore, rain or fine, the great coach came lumbering out of the stableyard on Sunday forenoons, and my Lady seated herself therein, and whether Sir Jocelyn rode with her or no Master Robert Billsborough and Mrs. Penelope Dugden took their places opposite to her. They knew their duty well, poor souls, and never presumed on being relations of the family. They were kept more or less for charity, as every one knew; Master Robert, indeed, was called Sir Jocelyn's secretary, but as Sir Jocelyn seldom writ any letters, and was frequently absent from home, Master Robert's duties consisted mainly in small offices undertaken to please her Ladyship. He played at piquet with her of an evening, walked her dog out of a rainy day—though Mrs. Penny washed and combed it—carved the joint at dinner, kept her accounts, paid the wages and occasionally chaptered a recreant tenant when she found it inconvenient to do so herself; but as a rule Lady Gillibrand preferred to deliver her own lectures.

On one occasion I remember he had been told off to superintend the personal chastisement of seven little lads who had been caught red-handed in the big orchard. The whipping was to have been administered in each case by the father of the culprit, and all the youngsters of the village were called out upon the green that the spectacle might strike terror into their hearts. But just as the dread ceremonial was about to commence who should arrive on the scene but Sir Jocelyn himself, who had returned un-

expectedly from London. On inquiring into the nature of the offence for which punishment was about to be administered, Sir Jocelyn burst out a-laughing.

"Why," cried he, "not all the floggings in the world would ever cure village lads of stealing apples. 'Tis in their nature, and they will lose the love for it only when each drops his sweet tooth. Hold your hands, good folks. And you, Cousin Robert," he added, turning to Master Billsborough, "do me the favor to bring me a basket of apples from the granary."

Master Robert departed with a sour face—there were folks there who said he had liefer seen the children suffer; but he was bound to do his Cousin's bidding, and presently the little urchins, who had but a few moments before looked so pale and woeful, were gleefully leaping to catch the rosy pippins which Sir Jocelyn tossed among them.

He was good-natured enough, this fine dashing gentleman, Sir Jocelyn, yet of fitful mood as might be seen even in such matters as his dealings with the lads, for in the same year he caught an urchin carrying off a tit's nest, and thereupon collaring him, in wrath, caned him with his own hands till he shrieked for mercy; yet surely if there be no sin in stealing apples there should be less in bird-nesting, which comes just as natural to a lad and after all wrongs nobody.

But I am wandering from my tale of what befell that Sunday morning. After service, though we were at liberty to leave the Church as soon as we pleased, provided we displayed no unseemly haste and took care not to jostle our neighbors or to speak until we had reached a sufficient distance from the door, it was our custom to wait about the churchyard and steps until Lady Gillibrand had taken her departure. I believe her Ladyship

considered the spectacle of her stately entry into her coach as edifying and wholesome for us common folk as any part of the Sunday observance; and, moreover, during her progress to the gate she found time to speak to many of her parishioners. I say *her* parishioners, for in point of fact I believe she thought the care of our souls devolved quite as much upon her as upon good Master Formby, the Rector, who for his part was quite willing to share his responsibilities with her.

Many a kind word did the good old lady say to those in trouble; and many a sharp lecture did she administer to such as she deemed in need of it. It was now a promise of elderberry wine for Dame Alton's cough; now a recipe, hastily given in a lowered voice (not being quite sure whether she did well to speak of such matters on the Sabbath), for John Frith's Thomas's lumbago, and much I pity that good man if his Wife followed her Ladyship's directions, for the mixture of mustard and turpentine was to be applied with no sparing hand; now a word of sympathy for Molly Dibden, who had had news of her Brother's loss at sea; now a stern reprimand for Susan Richardson, who had been seen walking with her Wooster after dark.

I was standing near the gate, respectfully waiting like the rest till her Ladyship should pass, when I heard Dorothy's impatient voice in my ear.

"What is the matter? What do we all loitering here?"

"We are waiting," said I, "for Lady Gillibrand to get into her coach. 'Tis the custom."

"Well, I for one will wait no longer," cried Mrs. Dorothy. "She seems to be lecturing half the parish; and I am sure the wind blows cold enough round this corner to reach one's marrow."

And with that she pressed past me and walked down the steps.

Now I could not in any decency suffer our guest to depart alone, and I therefore followed her, looking sheepish enough, I daresay, and hanging my head, for I knew the neighbors would think such behavior scandalous. As we reached the bottom of the steps Sir Jocelyn, who was untying his dog, barred our way for a moment.

"May it please you to let us pass, Sir?" asked she, as imperiously as though she was speaking to poor me.

As he glanced up, still half-stooping, their eyes met nearly on a level, and I saw a look of astonishment and admiration leap into Sir Jocelyn's. He straightened himself altogether, doffing his hat quickly, and standing aside. She dropped him a curtsy and went through the gate, and I followed, uncovering as I stepped past Sir Jocelyn.

"Why, whom have you there, Luke?" inquired he eagerly. "How comes that lady in your company?"

"Sir," answered I, turning hat in hand, "it is Mrs. Dorothy Ullathorne, who has taken Lychgate Hall. She is staying at our place until her own be ready."

"Ha! my new tenant!" cried he. "I had heard of her, but I had no idea she was such a stately piece. I must do myself the honor of waiting upon her."

I scarce tarried to hear the end of the sentence but hastened after Mrs. Dorothy, who had by that time turned the corner of the road. I immediately relieved her of her books, and we walked side by side for some time in silence. Then, for the sake of saying something, I asked her what she thought of Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand.

"Was that the gentleman by the gate?" asked she. "I think he has a very fine dog."

"Is that all?" cried I, disappointed, for though we did not always approve

of Sir Jocelyn's doings we loved him and were proud of him.

"I also admired his ruffles mightily," said she.

"And have you no word for the man?" I asked her.

"Oh, the man is well enough in his dark way. I have no great liking for black men," said she.

I was pleased to hear this for my own hair was the color of the corn, and had not my face been so browned by the sun I should have been ashamed of its womanish pink and white; so it was with great satisfaction that I informed Mistress Dorothy of my pleasure in hearing she preferred light men.

She stared at me for a moment, and then detecting, I suppose, something of a smirk in my face, for I was but a simple fellow in those days, she began to laugh after a fashion that much offended me.

I was indeed minded to take her to task, but before I could carry out my intention a great clatter behind us made us start, and turning round I saw Lady Gillibrand's outrider galloping towards us, followed by the coach itself. I drew Dorothy on one side, but instead of passing us as I expected the equipage halted when it came up with us. I saw to my surprise that Sir Jocelyn was seated by his Mother, Mrs. Penny being opposite to her alone, from which I concluded that Master Robert had been deputed to walk home with the dog in his Cousin's place. It flashed across me that the Baronet had made this exchange to gratify himself with a further view of his new tenant.

Her Ladyship, leaning out of the window, beckoned me to approach, which I did, hat in hand.

"Pray, Luke Wright," inquired she, "what might be the reason of your undutiful haste in leaving the sacred premises this morning?"

I stammered apologetically that I deemed it but civil to escort Mrs. Ullathorne home, she being our guest.

"And pray why could not she have waited like anybody else?" retorted my Lady sharply; and her hawk's eyes shot fire under their gray brows.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Penelope timidly, "perhaps, Cousin Gillibrand, she did not know the custom."

"Pray, who asked your opinion, Cousin Penny?" snapped her Ladyship. I am surprised that you should defend a young person who behaves in such a manner, and who is altogether so unmindful of her position. Do you observe, Penny, that she wears a silk gown and a hoop? A modish hood, moreover—surely a plain straw hat," said her Ladyship with emphasis, "had been far more suitable. Desire the young woman to come to me, if you please, Luke Wright."

Turning hesitatingly away from the fire of one pair of dark eyes I encountered that of another; Mrs. Dorothy had overheard Lady Gillibrand's speech and was ill pleased at its tone.

"Tell the lady that I am in a hurry, and cannot conceive what she can have to say to me," she responded very audibly.

"Eh! What does she say?" came sharply from the coach window.

"Madam," said I in a low voice to Mrs. Ullathorne, "my Father and Mother have a great respect for Lady Gillibrand, and would, I think, be much grieved were you to offend her."

Thereupon, with an ill grace enough, Mrs. Dorothy drew nigh the coach, holding her head high and curtsying very slightly. Her Ladyship looked her up and down, and Sir Jocelyn, who had been leaning back silently in his corner all this time, now bent forward, removing his hat with a low bow.

"You are Dorothy Ullathorne, I be-

lieve," said Lady Gillibrand at last; "our new tenant at Lychgate?"

Dorothy inclined her head.

"I shall be pleased to make acquaintance with you," went on her Ladyship more affably. "You may come to the Hall to-morrow afternoon between three and four, if you please, to discourse with me, and after our conversation my Cousin, Mrs. Penelope Dugden, can give you a dish of tea in the still-room."

"I am much obliged, my Lady," returned Dorothy, with just a little lifting of the corner of her lip, "but it is not my purpose either to make visits or to receive any."

"Holty-toity!" exclaimed Lady Gillibrand, almost too much surprised to be angered. "You must be a very strange young woman."

"It is my intention to remain so, your Ladyship," replied Mrs. Ullathorne.

Thereupon Mrs. Penny, who was but a foolish body, though harmless and good-natured enough, suddenly laughed, and her kinswoman turned upon her as she invariably did on the smallest provocation.

"Now why did you laugh, Cousin Penny? I am much desirous of knowing why you should laugh when there is nothing to laugh at."

"I really don't know, your Ladyship," responded the poor woman, growing suddenly prodigiously grave. "I thought you was going to laugh yourself."

"Me!" said her Ladyship sternly.

"Yes, indeed," stammered Mrs. Penny. "I am sure I thought you was going to laugh, Cousin Gillibrand. 'Twas such a droll saying of the young woman's. When you said she must be very strange, that she should return she desired to be so."

"Droll!" cried Lady Gillibrand, "not in the least droll, Cousin Penny. A most unbecoming speech. Truly you

grow more weak-minded every day. Another time, if you please, before you imagine that I am going to laugh have the manners and politeness to consider if I am *like* to do so."

I presume Mrs. Penny dutifully promised to bear this admonition in mind, but I did not wait to hear her protestations, for Dorothy had already walked on, and I profited by the fact of her Ladyship's attention being diverted to follow her.

Almost directly after I had overtaken her the coach came swinging past us, her Ladyship not being visible, but Sir Jocelyn's dark face showing for a moment as he again bent forward.

Lady Gillibrand, however, was not easily balked, and the following evening, a little before supper-time, she drove to The Delf in her low chaise.

I was planting out some July flower roots in the narrow beds beneath the parlor window; I had recently chosen to be very assiduous in my attention to these borders, the reason being that Dorothy and Patty usually took their sewing at this hour to the window-seat, so as to make the most of the evening light, and that while I worked I could hear their voices, and now and then shout out a word to them through the pane. On this particular evening the casement was open, and, as Lady Gillibrand on entering took a seat near it, I was enabled to catch the greater part of her conversation.

"Beef!" said her Ladyship, "cold beef! Mrs. Forshaw, I am surprised at such extravagance. Why, what a monstrous joint is that, and meat threepence a pound! I wonder you can reconcile it to your conscience."

Lifting my head I could see my Mother's deprecating face as she stood by the table and caught a word or two of her murmured reply; but this was soon cut short by her Ladyship.

"Your menfolk! You pamper your

menfolk, my good woman. Meat twice a day is sinful waste for people in your position. A mess of bread and milk for the young folks or good wholesome porridge would be far more suitable; and your Husband could do very well with a fresh egg."

"Or bread and cheese," put in Mrs. Penny humbly.

Lady Gillibrand glared at her for a moment before adopting the suggestion.

"Or bread and cheese, as I was about to say when you interrupted me, Cousin Penny. Or bread and cheese—home-made cheese, of course."

"Indeed, my Lady," protested my Mother, for even a worm will turn, "we never have boughten stuff. We make our own cheese as well as our butter and bread; and, of course, there's our own bacon——"

"Now bacon," interposed Lady Gillibrand, "a small piece of bacon with greens or dried beans would be very suitable for your midday meal, Dame Forshaw. It would save butcher's meat, and be quite sufficiently nourishing. Pray adopt this plan, my good woman, and endeavor to reduce your household expenditure."

But hereupon our Patty, who could never keep that little tongue of hers still for long together, suddenly broke out:—

"I don't think my Father would agree to that, your Ladyship."

Lady Gillibrand was turning round to administer a severe reprimand when she suddenly caught sight of Dorothy, who since her entrance had been standing like every one else.

"Oh, the young woman is there, I see," said her Ladyship. "The object of my visit was mainly to see you, Mrs. Ullathorne. Though I cannot but admire your retiring disposition," said my Lady sneeringly, "I consider it a duty to make myself acquainted with my Son's tenants. Pray be seated."

Dorothy very composedly resumed her place on the deep window-seat.

"You come from——?" pursued Lady Gillibrand. "I don't think you mentioned your former place of residence."

"I did not, my Lady," returned Mrs. Dorothy quietly.

"Pray where have you been living till now?" resumed the questioner.

"In the south of England," replied Dorothy, after a moment's pause.

"'Tis a somewhat vague answer. Can you not name a town—or, at least, the county?"

"I have no doubt I could, your Ladyship," responded the girl.

Here Mrs. Penny, whose pale blue eyes had been growing large with consternation, took upon herself to raise a warning finger, which her kinswoman perceiving, promptly rapped downwards.

"What are you pointing at, Penny? Pray, where did you learn such manners? Even a child would know 'twas uncivil to point. Surely your Father, my Kinsman, must have taught you better.—By the way, Mrs. Ullathorne, I omitted to ask what your Father was?"

Dorothy had till now submitted unwillingly enough to the inquisition, and had responded with a calmness not unmixed with amusement to her Ladyship's various questions, but at this one she suddenly rose to her feet, and I could see that one of her fits of passion was upon her.

"Madam," cried she, "you have no right to question me in this manner, and I will not submit to it. My former place of abode, the position of my Father, my private affairs, in fact, concern no one by myself. I have the honor to wish your Ladyship a good-evening."

And with that she walked out of the room.

Well, my poor Mother, of course, came in for the scolding which should

have been Mrs. Ullathorne's if she had had the decency to stay for it; she was warned against admitting persons of doubtful antecedents into her family, who would, of a certainty, deteriorate in consequence; indeed, her Ladyship had already noticed a change for the worse in Patty (now called up to receive the reprimand postponed at sight of the stranger); I myself had also suffered from the contact, my demeanor yesterday having been the reverse of decorous or respectful. Lady Gillibrand could not but think that even my Mother had been infected by the general taint, since she was quite sure that she had been led into sinful extravagance and display in order to present a notable appearance in the eyes of that very forward and presumptuous young woman, our guest. Having assured my Mother at parting that her imprudent conduct was not only laying up a store of misfortune for herself and her family in this world, but also, in all probability, in the world to come, her Ladyship took

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(To be continued.)

her departure, and my Mother proceeded tearfully with her interrupted preparations for supper.

"I am sure," she sighed, "I never knew before there was so much harm in a cold round of beef. Folks as works hard all day wants a bit o' summat as 'ull stick to them. Bacon, now," she proceeded dismally, "bacon is well enough for a snack, but I doubt the gaffer——"

"Mother," I broke out, thrusting in my head at the window, "Mother, give over! You are in the right, and you know it. If I had my way the only notice I'd take of her Ladyship's saucing would be to have two rounds of beef instead of one."

"La! Hark at him!" said my Mother with a shocked laugh. "You oughtn't to say such things, Luke. For shame of ye!"

But Patty reached out her hand and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Well done!" cried she, "I'm o' your way of thinking."

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.*

Throughout a long life—for sixty odd years—Walpole, from his school days at Eton to the last dreary months when he was a helpless invalid in Berkeley Square, a man nearly eighty years of age, pleased and instructed hosts of friends by an unceasing stream of correspondence, of which the vivacity and variety never failed. Many generations of Englishmen have been equally charmed with a series of

letters, unexampled in their number and in their steady continuity, which have now a permanent place in English literature, and which have unquestionably given Walpole the first position among English letter-writers, one unique and unapproached, and altogether distinctive. Years ago, in this review, Lord Macaulay's fierce assault on Walpole should once for all have demolished his reputation as a man of

*1. "Letters of Horace Walpole." Chronologically arranged and edited with Notes and Indices by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. In sixteen volumes, with Portraits and Facsimiles. Vols. I.-IV. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1903.

2. "Letters of Horace Walpole to the Count-

ess of Ossory." In 3 vols. London: A. L. Humphreys, 1903.

3. "Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole. London: Longmans & Co., 1902.

letters. But the good sense of the public has recognized that, though Macaulay's essay is excellent reading, it is valueless, in most parts, as a criticism or an estimate either of Walpole's character or of his work, and his fame is now assured. No better evidence of the impregnable place which Walpole holds in English letters could be given than the publication at the present time of a complete and, as may well be considered, a final edition of his letters. Cunningham did an invaluable service when, in 1857, he collected the hitherto scattered letters of Walpole and issued them in a series of volumes. That edition must not be considered as altogether superseded by this new work, though it is incomplete. Mrs. Toynbee, it is true, has added 407 letters not included in the latest edition, (1881), of Cunningham's collection, of which 111 will be published for the first time, yet many of these hitherto unpublished letters, though they add to the completeness of the collection, appear to be of little importance from either a biographical or a literary point of view, several indeed of those printed in these four volumes being mere every-day business notes. The first two, however, written when Walpole was at Eton to his friend Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, carry us back to Walpole's school days, and are indicative of a singularly early development of the traits which marked his character throughout life.

"My dearest Charles," he began, "the pleasure that the interview, though so very short, that I had with you the night before you left town, gave me, has I think made your absence seem still more insupportable. That little snatch of conversation was so agreeable, that I am continually thinking how happy we should be in a much longer. I can reflect with great joy on the moments we passed together at Eton, and long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand

passages, which were something above the common rate of schoolboy's diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who would patiently bear children's thumps for the collections, which I think some of our contemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you. When shall I be so happy?

"Let me know, my dear Charles, how far you are from Ragley. I have some thoughts of going down thither this summer, and if it is not too far I will spend a day with you in Worcestershire.

"You may assure yourself I am mightily put to it for news, when for want of that I send you some trifling verses of my own, which have nothing to recommend 'em but the subject. I know you will excuse 'em when you consider they come from. . . ."

The agreeable "little snatch of conversation," the self-satisfaction at being above the common amusements of the ordinary schoolboy, the desire for news, and the sending of "some trifling verses" of his own show Horace Walpole to have been the same at fifteen as he was at fifty.

Mrs. Toynbee has also been able to obtain for her new edition seven letters from Walpole to Madame du Deffand, five of them in his own handwriting. As is well known, Walpole's letters to Madame du Deffand (all written in French) were at his desire destroyed by her or by Miss Berry, undoubtedly because he considered that they were likely to diminish his fame as a letter-writer² and these fragments

² Writing to his cousin Thomas Walpole in Paris on the eve of Madame du Deffand's death in 1780, he says of these letters: "As they all went by the post, and I know were thoroughly inspected, I should care not who saw them, except a bookseller, and thence everybody. My bad French ought to be their security even against that chance, but you cannot wonder that I do not desire to run even that, especially as a power of exposing

of a correspondence, which was carried on for sixteen years, evidently escaped the general destruction by some oversight. They will, however, be valueless from a literary point of view, and they cannot add appreciably to our knowledge of that remarkable friendship, more remarkable in regard to Madame du Deffand than to Horace Walpole; for actual verbal or epistolary conversation with a woman of such singular gifts as Madame du Deffand must have been a constant pleasure to Walpole, always appreciative of social or intellectual brightness, and habituated to correspond. But the bits of English news, the light personal sketches of London society, the criticism of the latest English book, could have had little attraction for Madame du Deffand, and for her the chief charm of Walpole's letters must have lain in that sympathy for which she was always seeking* and which, in spite of their superficiality, was always present in them, often rather in feeling than in expression, though Walpole was not silent when he knew that to speak would please.

"Don't be afraid," he once wrote to West, "of your letters being dull. I don't deserve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not desire you to suppress them till their causes cease, nor should I expect you to write cheerfully while you were ill. I never design to write any man's life as a stoic and consequently should not desire him to furnish me with opportunities for assuring posterity what pains he took not to show any pain." (Toynbee, vol. i. p. 218.)

Mrs. Toynbee has corrected many mistakes in Cunningham's text, but we regret she has not followed his admirable precedent, and given a synop-

me to ridicule would compensate for the badness of the language." (Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by Sir Spencer Walpole, p. 18.)

sis of the letters in the table of contents which is so valuable a feature of Cunningham's book. Nor can too much praise be given to her for the care and research which have enabled her to make the present publication so finished a work.

It is true that only the first four volumes of the ordinary edition of sixteen volumes have yet been published, and it will be 1905 before the work is completed, a lapse of time which is much to be regretted, and which will for the present considerably diminish the value of the present edition for many readers and all historical students. These four volumes, however, are sufficient to show the character of this edition, which will once again be an answer to the often repeated assertion that the present generation cares only for manuals and monographs.

Turning to an examination of the new work, it cannot be denied that we might well have been spared some of the biographical notes, and in their place have been presented with more throwing light on current events. In a correspondence which extends from 1732 to 1797—from the schoolboy's letter to Charles Lyttelton, already quoted, to the old man's note to Lady Ossory—an infinite number of nobodies are mentioned. It matters nothing at all to us now whether Offley be "probably John Offley of Wichnor, near Lichfield," or Frampton be "probably James Frampton of Moreton, Dorsetshire." But when, for instance, Walpole refers to his father's fall in February, 1742, and later in the year to the proceedings on the Indemnity Bill, some illustrative notes on the facts of the political situation would have been helpful and valuable. But the absolutely perfect edition of a work is an

* For a more detailed description of the friendship between Walpole and Madame du Deffand, see "Edinburgh Review," January 1901.

ideal which we can all imagine, but which has never yet been produced, and probably Mrs. Toynbee's edition of Walpole's letters is as nearly perfect as knowledge and labor could have made it.

It certainly would have been a satisfaction to Walpole could he have foreseen that at the beginning of the twentieth century his fame as a letter-writer would be finally fixed by so fine a monument as this new edition of his letters, with its admirable illustrations. Nor should the recent excellent reprint of Walpole's letters to Lady Ossory issued by Mr. Humphreys be forgotten.* A single series such as this, on good paper, boldly printed, and unannotated, is very pleasant reading, and enables us to enter more completely into the feelings of Walpole and of his correspondent than does a larger collection, in chronological order, with numerous and careful notes. Much of our pleasure in Walpole's correspondence arises from its vivacity and its quick descriptions of men and things, so that his friend read through one of his letters with attention aroused without for a single minute being bored. Thus the editing of letters such as those of Walpole, necessary though it be for us of a much later generation, has a tendency to spoil their literary flavor and to take from us the spirit in which they were written and read, and read, be it remembered, not as we read them today in a book, page after page consecutively, but at long intervals of time, intervals during which expectation of the approaching letter tended to its enjoyment when received. Accordingly, needful as is such a work as that of Mrs. Toynbee, it cannot, for the full understanding of Walpole as a letter writer, altogether supersede what per-

haps may be called armchair editions of his letters, for it was with their feet on the fender of the fireplace or seated in summer-time by an open window, that his friends, whether they were men or women, would enjoy a letter from Walpole.

No view of Walpole is more false than that which is so common, that he was a mere dilettante who dabbled in literature, art, antiquities, and politics. On the contrary, from his university days to his last years Walpole had a serious aim and object as a man of letters, and that object was to obtain fame as a writer of letters. He was at once sagacious and fortunate in perceiving the form of expression best suited to his mental equipment. It is not every man—certainly not every man with literary ability—who is able to appreciate the means most suited to his powers and his temperament, and it is not every man who, even if he is able to understand himself, can constantly, year after year, through a long life, continue without failing the course which he has decided to follow. Walpole understood that he had gifts which were almost unique as a letter writer, and this particular form of expression he set himself to perfect from an early age. The elaborate epistle in which, in the style of Addison's *Travels*, he describes to Gray a journey from London to Cambridge—"on the 9th of October, 1735, we set out from Lodone (the Lugdunum of the ancients) to the capital city of Lombardy in a chariot and four," and so on in like style, till he arrives at Pavia (Cambridge)—is an example, probably the earliest, of the labor he gave to this pursuit. His natural capacity he increased by labor until he had made letter-writing an art. From the care which he took of

* These letters were first published separately in two volumes under the title of "Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory from the year 1789 to 1797." By Horace Wal-

pole. Edited, with notes, by the Right Hon. B. Vernon Smith, M.P. London: Richard Bentley, 1848.

his letters Walpole clearly foresaw that, though to the men and women of the eighteenth century he was not much more than an agreeable talker on paper, apparently unpremeditated letters to his friends all over England and even Europe would bring him a permanent fame which would outlast the reputation of men who in the eyes of their contemporaries were serious students. He began his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann in 1741, and in the advertisement which he wrote ready for the time when it should eventually be published, he says, referring to these letters, "the author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them on account of some anecdotes interspersed." He then goes on to say how he found on perusing them "some facts, characters, and news which, though below the dignity of history, might prove entertaining to many other people." Thus it is clear that somewhere between his twenty-fifth and his thirtieth year Walpole had already decided in his own mind that his letters—not only, we may assume, to Mann, but to his other friends—should one day be published. Yet in his lifetime Walpole must have equally well understood that all the reputation which he could gather would be as a correspondent who could entertain, delight, and surprise a circle of friends and acquaintances. The desire to make his name famous as a man of letters might, therefore, have tempted him to turn his energies altogether to serious studies, but such he only touched almost as a dilettante, and certainly as a beginner. Yet in some of these he showed that, had circumstances compelled him to rely on literature for his livelihood, he would have attained a place which in the history of English letters would at any rate have been honorable and distinguished, if not pre-eminent.

Something more than mere versatili-

ty of intellect is shown by what Walpole called his Gothic romance—"The Castle of Otranto." It is a work utterly in contrast with most of the characteristics of the eighteenth century—its formalism and its classicism. It has been rightly regarded as the first of those stories which formed so large a part of the literature of the nineteenth century, the romances of Scott and of his many followers, from Lytton to contemporary writers, such as Merriman and Stanley Weyman. "The Castle of Otranto" is unquestionably crude, wanting in freedom of style, and sometimes almost childish in incident; but it contains in a marked degree the essential features of a romance, the collocation of actions so as to arouse the emotions, and to keep the mind of the reader highly strung without regard to probability. Though often actually absurd, it is not more so than plenty of modern romances, and the reader is carried along rapidly by the quickly moving incidents of the story. But if the tale, short as it is, marks the beginning of a new epoch in one form of imaginative literature, as the novels of Fielding and Sterne and Fanny Burney do in another, it is of equal interest as an indication of Walpole's character. It shows how beneath a kind of courtly stoicism and affectation there were curious romantic strata—strata which are visible in his friendships and in his affection for Madame du Deffand, for the Miss Berrys, and even in the correspondence with Horace Mann, to whom he could write for forty years without seeing him in being.

The tragedy which he called "The Mysterious Mother"—which was never acted—must be regarded as a failure from the point of view both of the drama and literature, but it is by no means certain that a second, or even a third, attempt might not have given Walpole a respectable place among

English dramatists, at least in the field of comedy; for tragedy his mind was not sufficiently powerful, it was too prone to play only on the surface of society. The slight piece, "Nature will Prevail," presented in 1778 at the Haymarket Theatre, which, characteristically enough, he refused Coleman's request to enlarge, had a success quite sufficient to justify the presumption that Walpole had the capacity of a capable comedian. It is a proof of singular versatility that a man who showed aptitude for the lighter forms of drama should have produced a work of reference such as the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." This book afforded Macaulay an opportunity of some rather unworthy ridicule. Most of these authors may, no doubt, very well rest in oblivion, but the work was one which was not without its uses. The collecting of biographical and chronological details, such as it contains, is always tiresome, but is, on the other hand, always useful, labor; the value of such works of reference being constantly and unexpectedly discovered. Walpole himself never regarded the work as of much importance. "For the Catalogue," he wrote to the Rev. Henry Zouch, December 23, 1759, "I forgot it, as in the course of things I suppose it is forgot," and it was in his mind a kind of prelude to another book of a similar but more critical kind. In the same letter he continues, "For the Lives of English Artists, I am going immediately to begin it, and shall then fling it into the treasury of the world, for the amusement of the world for a day, and then for the service of anybody who shall happen hereafter to peep into the dusty drawer where it shall repose." This was the book which was eventually published as "Anecdotes of painting in England," and which, in spite of some palpably

wrong judgments of contemporary artists—and greater critics than Walpole have not always been just—contained much sound criticism at a time when the criticism of art could scarcely be said to exist in England.

Walpole's assertion that he cared not for literary fame has more than once been questioned, but the posthumous publication by his own wish and direction of his "Memoirs of the Reigns of George I., George II., and George III.," is some evidence that he really cared little for the reputation which he could have gained in his lifetime. To these memoirs hardly sufficient justice has ever been done; they are arranged with a clearness which is apt to hide their value, the narrative glides along so easily that we forget the numerous details out of which it is woven, and the portraits of some of the foremost men of the eighteenth century, even when they are unjust, are thoroughly vivid. The man who writes of his political and literary contemporaries describes them with the prejudices of the contemporary and reflects the contemporary idea. The historian who views men and events from a calmer and more distant standpoint, with a larger outlook, and with a freedom from present-day mists, is in truth indebted to a narrator such as Walpole, since from him he gets, if not portraits which are historically true, yet the representation of contemporary ideas about the leading men of the age, which are actual facts. We cannot doubt, for instance, that Walpole's portrait of Johnson reflected the views of a large number of persons from whom the kindness of Johnson's heart was hidden, though his dogmatic contradictions of his opponents were only too evident. From these Memoirs it is equally apparent that, had Walpole chosen to give more continuous labor to his historical work, his capacity of clear narrative and life-like

* Toynbee, vol. i. p. 333.

portraiture would have given him a considerable place among English historians. But as a historian he was almost a dilettante, because, ingenious as was his "Historic Doubts on Richard III.," and agreeable, suggestive, and instructive as are his *Memoirs* of his own time, the one is a mere caprice and the other is very largely personal reminiscences containing facts which he had himself observed. The serious historian must scorn delights and live laborious days. But though the aggregate of Walpole's labor was considerable, he had neither the temperament nor the constitution of the strenuous researcher, and he described himself accurately when he wrote to Lady Ossory (August 24, 1777): "My knowledge of everything is picked up from memoirs, novels, &c. I never dealt in substantial works; and, though few simple gentlemen have read more, my memory is a chaos of aughts and ends, and fit for nobody's use but my own." Still he was able to remember and to relate clearly the collection of events, important and trivial, with which his mind was stored. So, putting aside still more ephemeral pieces, such as the "Letter from Xo Ho," and his contributions to the "World," we come back to the cardinal fact of Walpole's life as a man of letters, that in his correspondence—and with it might be classed his *Memoirs*—we have at once the labor of his life and his permanent monument, in its own way as enduring as the odes of Gray or the essays of Johnson.

Yet, in spite of Walpole's assured reputation as a letter-writer, in spite of his achievement of the object which, as it appears to us, he set himself to gain, and in spite of the fact that a man who throughout a long life busies himself with one purpose especially and becomes famous thereby, may be regarded as an example of a patient and consistent worker, he will, by vir-

tue of the particular form of this labor, remain the best type we have of the dilettante. For he was a man whose energies were not concentrated on any one career or business, and the permanence of his letters arises not a little from the diffusion of his interests and the way in which he allowed his mind to move over many parts of the field of human experience. Fortunately for his fame, Walpole chose to embody his ideas in letters to his friends. A century later he might have been a great journalist, but in that case he would have been soon forgotten, even if he had ever been known to the world at large.

The fate of his letters has indeed fulfilled Walpole's hopes, for his indifference to literary fame was more assumed than real. Some of his phrases give an impression of such indifference, an impression which arises from the fact that Walpole often seemed to take satisfaction in the rapidity and want of continuity of his work. But to Gray, the last person in the world to whom anything in the nature of an untruth would be told, Walpole distinctly stated that he was not indifferent to fame, "which [his works], though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget in a very short time after they are published. This will sound like affectation to others, but will not to you. It would be affected even to you to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations." In fact, Walpole's sense of perspective caused him to realize the true proportions of literary work; he did not confuse talent with genius, he had no exaggerated opinions of the importance of his own productions, and his sense of the ridiculous actually caused him to parade his modesty; so that no one should

* February 18, 1768.

laugh at him for literary presumption. Yet all the time in his heart he was too human not to be gratified by public applause or personal praise, which gave him a little glow of satisfaction at the very moment when he assured a friend that he merely toyed with literature as the amusement of a gouty invalid.

As a politician, Walpole must certainly be considered a dilettante; he was indeed a member of the House of Commons for the long period of twenty-seven years — 1741-1768 — and was an interested observer of many curious political events and of many remarkable politicians, entering it towards the end of his father's memorable administration as member for the little pocket borough of Killington, in Cornwall. He resigned his seat for King's Lynn at the dissolution of 1767, when Chatham's great career came to a melancholy end, and Walpole himself was tired of a scene which had become monotonous. "Well," he writes to Mann, still enjoying the sunshine of Florence, "I shall only laugh at the trade now. I was born in and have lived in it half a century; I do not admire it, I am overjoyed to quit it, and I shall be very indifferent to what happens to the business." Not so indifferent as he would have his correspondent imagine, for behind the affectation of indifference, which Walpole always tried to assume, his interests were ever on the alert. "If not as a patriot," he said to Mason in 1782, for once writing naturally and unrestrainedly, "have you no curiosity as a philosopher to survey a huge dismal scene? How can you content yourself with information from scraps of letters, and blundered and misrepresented relations in newspapers?" No one could write these words if he were not keenly on the alert as to public af-

fairs, anxious to observe their actual working, and not satisfied to read about them; and the so-called indifference of his early years was only indifference to political action by himself and not to political observation. Walpole began Parliamentary life with some political enthusiasm, an enthusiasm, however, which was largely personal, springing up as it did from an unbounded pride in his father's political career. Thus, after an adverse majority on December 16, 1741, warned prudent men that Sir Robert's period of power had nearly ended, he writes to Mann at eleven o'clock at night:

My dear child, we have triumphed twenty years, is it strange that fortune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? They talk loudly of the year *forty-one*, and promise themselves all the confusion that began a hundred years ago from that same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong, but should it be so, I can be happy in other places. One reflection I shall have, very sweet, though very melancholy: that if our family is to be the sacrifice that shall first pamper discord, at least the *one* [his mother], the part of it that interested all my concerns, and must have suffered from our ruin, is safe and secure above the rage of confusion; nothing in this world can touch her peace now. (Toynbee, vol. i. p. 142.)

This is not the letter of a confident and high-spirited politician, young, and eagerly and ambitiously hoping in the future to emulate the actions of a distinguished parent; it is that of one wholly identifying himself with the memorable career of his father, in whose approaching fall he perceives also his own early disappearance from the scenes of family triumph. But from the moment of Sir Robert Walpole's death in 1745 his son's interest in political affairs as a politician grew less and less, though personal feeling,

* December 23, 1767.

and his friendship for his cousin Conway, from time to time caused his interests in party struggles to revive.

Two principal causes were sufficient to prevent Horace Walpole from ever taking an active part in the political life of his age—his health and his temperament; so that he could never become more than a political observer.

Don't wonder [he writes to Mann (January 22, 1742) in the midst of the trying crisis of that year] that I missed writing to you yesterday, my constant day; you will pity me when you hear that I was shut up in the House of Commons till one in the morning. I came away more dead than alive, and was forced to leave Sir R. at supper with my brothers; he was all alive and in spirits. He says he is younger than me, and indeed I think so, in spite of his forty years more. My head aches to-night; but we rose early, and if I don't write to-night, when shall I find a moment to spare?

When Walpole wrote thus he was only seven-and-twenty, but what an insight it gives into the political and non-political constitution! Here was Sir Robert sitting down, after many hours in the House of Commons, to enjoy a hearty supper at two in the morning, and shortening his life by playing ducks and drakes with a strong body, and his delicate son creeping off from Westminster to bed with a headache, and yet living to see his eightieth year. Still it is possible that in spite of his weak frame but sound constitution, Walpole might have thrown himself actively into political life had his father not been Prime Minister. Like him he was always a Whig, and he never deviated from a sound political faith, though he had always a dislike to extremes. Like Burke he was appalled by the Revolution of 1789, and had no power to grasp the meaning of that immense social

and political upheaval. He regarded the Revolution superficially, as if France were disturbed by nothing more than a rather abnormal constitutional crisis. In spite of his contempt for the routine of the House of Commons, he never lost his interest in public affairs in their larger aspect; in other words, in the part of them which interests the statesman and the historian rather than the party politician.

"It may yet be asked," he says on resuming his Memoirs, as he called his political history, after leaving the House of Commons in 1768, "why I choose under these impediments [absence from Parliament] to continue my narrative, while I allow that it must fall short of the preceding parts? The honestest answer is the best—it amuses me." But only one who was both a constant observer and who pondered over the political events which passed before him would have been able to tell the lucid and often stirring tale which fell so easily from Walpole's pen, and the publication of these Memoirs, more especially the part subsequent to 1768, is proof enough of Walpole's intellectual and critical interest in national affairs, though his body and his character were alike unsuited to a party politician. Nor was he wanting in promise, in his earlier Parliamentary years, as a speaker. In the debates on the estimates for the Hanover troops in 1744: "Young Mr. Walpole's speech," writes Philip Yorke, "met with a deserved applause from everybody: it was judicious and elegant." And in those days he was a constant attendant at Westminster. "I have scarce time to write," so he begins a letter to Mann (February 9, 1844), "or to know what I write. I live in the House of Commons."

But yet another fact was opposed to a career as an active politician. When

¹ Toynbee, vol. II. p. 2.

his father was First Minister of the Crown Horace Walpole had seen too much of the ways of managing a party, "the folly, the corruption, and the profligacy of the times," to use his own words, had been impressed too plainly on a sensitive and honorable mind—they were sufficient to destroy early enthusiasms. "What could I see," he writes to Montague, March 12, 1768, referring to his disappearance from the House of Commons, "but sons and grandsons playing ever the same knaveries that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chat-ham? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings? Will he not be constantly whining and droning and interrupting like a cigala on a sultry day in Italy?" Ideals could not live in the political atmosphere of the Georges.

Nor could Walpole's keen sense of contrasts and of the absurd have failed to compare what would have seemed his own puny performances with the masterful life of his father, while an innate delicacy—a trait which is not easy to analyze—made him also exceedingly unfitted for political life, and sometimes led to curious prejudices. Walpole's friend Conway was the most honest and upright of men; it was his strongest quality as a politician; but Walpole nearly quarreled with him in 1765, when Conway became Secretary of State in Rockingham's first ministry, from this very cause. Walpole had had "an unalterable desire of overturning that [George Grenville's] administration. Not the smallest vein of self-interest had entered into my imagination. Court I was resolved to make to none, whether friend or foe—a haughtiness I maintained throughout my life, never once condescending to go to the levee of any first minister. My wish of making this independence

perfectly easy I had hinted to Mr. Conway during our opposition. He received it with silence; it was not in my nature to repeat such a hint. As disinterestedness was my ruling passion, I did hope that on the change some considerable employment would be offered to me." The reader will be surprised, as Conway would have been, at such a desire; but here Walpole's nature running to eccentricity comes in—"offered to me," he continues, "which my vanity would have been gratified in refusing."⁸ Such a form of mental gratification was much too subtle for a plain man like Conway, who, knowing Walpole's views, naturally made him no offer of office. And so Walpole is mortified when he finds from Conway that his name had not been mentioned for a place, and thereupon thus formulates Conway's character. After speaking of his insensibility and ingratitude, he says:

But it is justice to him to say that I think he was incapable of ingratitude; his soul was good, virtuous, sincere, but his temper was chill, his mind absent, and he was so accustomed to my suggesting to him whatever I thought it was right for him to do, that he had no notion of my concealing a thought from him, and as I had too much delicacy to mention my own security (in his sinecure office) I am persuaded it never came into his conception. His temper hurt me, but I forgave his virtue, of which I was confident, and knew it was superior to my own.

The moment that Walpole, this time having a friend's interest in view, asked Conway to raise Mann to the rank of envoy from that of resident, it "was immediately done." This is an episode which illustrates Walpole's nature, and reveals the kind of detached and odd outlook on men and

⁸ *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*, vol. 1. p. 149, ed. 1894.

events which enabled him to perceive the contrasts and the humors of his age, but totally unfitted him for the career of a practical politician.

Letters of the past interest from two quite different points of view—the historical and the psychological, and their value from each may be entirely different. Walpole was so keen an observer of one section of English society that his correspondence has very enduring value as a mirror of the age, but it reflected almost entirely the manners and modes of thought of the aristocratic and parliamentary governing class, around whom was a fringe of fashion. He included among his correspondents a few men of letters and some antiquaries, but no man who was unquestionably a lover as well as a practitioner of letters was less intimate with the purely literary life of his time in the capital than Walpole. In this he illustrates the change which had come over society since the days when Harley and Bolingbroke were the intimate friends of Swift and Prior, and statesmen and men of letters hobnobbed at coffee-houses, and discussed the politics of the Court of Anne at Ozinda's or Buttch's. But as a reflection of the daily life of this governing section, seen through delicate glasses, Walpole's correspondence can never be superseded, though George Selwyn unquestionably enlarges our view of it by giving the impressions and the tone of the mere purely matter-of-fact man of the world.⁹ After all, however, most people are not students of a particular age, and though it interests them in a dilettante kind of way to know how their ancestors lived and thought, yet it is the psychological and the personal for which most of us take up a volume of letters, from those of Cowper and Lamb to those of Robert

Browning. Walpole, as Gray said to him, disliked the subjective, and the subjective, the revelation of a rare and impressionable character such as that of Lamb or Cowper, is what is best in a letter, though the moment this is taken from its own age and its own atmosphere it loses the value which attaches to a communication, however slight, from a friend to a friend. An essential feature of Walpole's correspondence is that it was descriptive, his own day's doings came into it, but as the doings of an actor in the daily drama of London or Twickenham. If he talked of his gout, it was to describe with a laugh how a temperate man with little flesh on his bones was troubled with a disorder for which he had not got value, and when he touched on something disagreeable, it was almost without a perception of any personal effect on himself. "My personal history is very short. I have an assembly and the rheumatism—and am buying a house—and it rains, and I shall plant the roses against my treillage to-morrow." Rheumatism and rain are no more and no less to him than the last assembly, or his new flowers; but when Cowper wrote of a dreary autumn he was mastered by his own feelings and reflections. "We are rational, but we are animal too," he begins, "and therefore subject to the influence of the weather; the cattle in the field show evident symptoms of lassitude and disgust in an unpleasant season, and we their lords and masters are constrained to sympathize with them. The only difference between us is that they know not the cause of their dejection, but we do, but for our humiliation are equally at a loss to cure it." Cowper's letters thus afford us opportunities for a singularly interesting psychological study. We are constantly in contact with a delicate, nay an over-sensitive mind, and an absorbent temperament.

⁹ See "George Selwyn: his Letters and his Life." Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. London. 1901.

We are constantly below the surface, even when we read of the gossip of Olney. But Walpole never lets us share his feelings, he is always telling us of other people, not because he was insincere or heartless, but because he was unselfish, and combined a rare and happy temperament with a singular delicacy of feeling, and by years of effort could speak of himself from the point of view of a second self, treating the first self as one of the actors in the drama of the day. Compare him with Gray, and we see how in the latter ill health produces an intellectual tone, which in its turn, through the fine mental gifts of the writer, becomes often singularly attractive. Essentially, then, Horace Walpole, valetudinarian as he was, may figure as an example of the healthy-minded man so well known to the modern psychologist.

To come back to Walpole's own view of his work, his object in the case of most of his friends was to be a chronicler. "Your gazette I know has been a little idle," he wrote to Conway on July 21, 1758, "but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit that we think we have a right to some demerit too, and those who depend on us—I mean as gazettes—are often disappointed. A common-foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful."¹⁰

To be a gazette, as Walpole calls himself, is at first sight to undertake a quite simple task, but its very simplicity required special gifts highly cultivated, a clear style, keen insight into character, producing, when applied from a very early age to various great and small personalities, a knowledge of the world conducive to a sane

judgment of men and things, and a delicacy of taste which resulted in a just perspective. One result, however, of writing as a volunteer gazette, valuable as it makes letters as materials of history, is that they are, so to say, unresponsive; they do not take up allusions and points raised by a correspondent so much as state the observations of the quick eye which is surveying the weaknesses of the world around. In such circumstances the mental attitude of the correspondent becomes of little importance, and it is for this reason that Walpole could write to men who were totally unable to return him anything like his own coin. It is for the same reason that his letters to the few women to whom he wrote are more responsive in tone. Lady Ossory especially had much of his own verve and lightness, and could reply with a humor and a *savoir faire* tempered by a simple grace, and so the letters to this beautiful and clever woman have, in addition to all Walpole's usual characteristics, a tone of playful and yet courtly intimacy which is wanting in his letters as a whole.¹¹ In a sense Walpole regarded the letters from a woman like Lady Ossory as models to be copied, because nothing is more noticeable than his appreciation of the fact that in letters there should only be a limited amount of solid matter, and that the ordinary mind finds amusement in what may be regarded as trivialities. "Our sex is too jealous of the reputation of good sense to condescend to hazard a thousand trifles and negligences which give grace, ease, and familiarity to correspondence."¹² This was the conclusion he had come to at the end of his life, and it was a maxim of his art which he had cultivated to perfection, so that he would write to Mason of the fall to Walpole do not appear to have been preserved.

¹² To Earl of Strafford, 1785.

¹⁰ Toynbee, iv. 163.

¹¹ Some of Lady Ossory's letters to George Selwyn are to be read in Jesse's "Selwyn and his Contemporaries," vols. iii. and iv. Those

of Lord North and the flavor of a Stilton cheese with a touch which gives zest to both subjects. We have only to compare the group of letters, in which these two divergent subjects are referred to more than once, which Walpole wrote to Mason with the sensible yet tedious replies of that excellent and cultivated, but rather heavy, divine to perceive the extraordinary skill of Walpole as a letter-writer. And it is equally a tribute to Walpole's art that we are never bored by the mediocrities who fill his pages, or by the trivial actions of their uneventful day.

But unquestionably the supreme quality of Walpole's correspondence is vivacity, a quality to which he refers in his letter to Conway, a quality partly produced by physical and partly by intellectual conditions, partly, too, the result of the study of French models, but one totally un-English, the fruit of a happy yet a singularly sensitive temperament, of a quick wit, and of an insatiable interest in all the affairs of a civilized society—witness his pleasure in his printing press—an interest fatal to the production of work which required incessant, arduous, and undisturbed toil, of which he was by nature incapable. A couple of plays, some prologues, some art criticism, and a little archaeological investigation, embryonic histories, fragments of considerable undertakings, sketches of the picture never begun, promises unfulfilled of permanent creations, in other men the signs of a disappointed career, were in Walpole the evidences of all those qualities which made him so supreme as a letter-writer; and in his case were the cause not of chagrin and of pain, but of endless pleasure, and, strange and ironical as it may be, have actually added to his reputation with posterity, and have given to his writings a permanence denied to the works of laborious historians—men like Carte

and like Lyttelton, whose history of Henry II., the work of half a lifetime, would be now forgotten but for Walpole's mot: "How dull one may be if one will but take pains for six or seven and twenty years!" Indeed Walpole has thrown a faint ray of fame over a number of persons whose names would otherwise long ago have been forgotten. Mann was a very ordinary diplomatist, Montague a useful private secretary to Lord North, Cole and Pinkerton two painstaking antiquaries; but they and many more live, and live only, in the collections of Walpole's correspondence.

But in reading Walpole's letters we must as far as possible throw ourselves into the position of Walpole's correspondents. It is too often forgotten that a letter is, so to say, a letter. It is not an essay or a reasoned discussion, it is a written conversation adapted to the person with whom the interchange of ideas takes place—who, be it also remembered, may fairly be supposed to be so much *en rapport* with the writer that he understands a mere epistolary touch in a manner impossible to us readers of the present day.

Thus by reason of the quick transition from subject to subject, person to person, of the light allusion to an event, of the mere flying thought, of the feeling of surprise which he is careful to keep aroused, we are apt to fancy Walpole more superficial than he was. A couple of words are in actual conversation taken up, turned about, reproducing fresh ideas, but, dropped from the pen in a letter a couple of centuries old and read to-day, they are scarcely noticed. Yet set in sentences telling of an entertainment at Richmond, or the muddle of a minister, we constantly come upon effective bits of criticism. Nothing, for instance, could more happily describe some of the main strands of Gray's poetry than

when Walpole speaks of "our human feelings which he masters at will."

Crabbe's poetry he liked, if not enthusiastically, but of it he made the apt criticism that "he writes lines that one can remember." The appreciation of poetry is a good deal a matter of intellectual temperament, and the trend of Walpole's mind was not sufficiently reflective, was too volatile, and too gay to enable him to search into the strata of human feeling which form the basis of poetry as distinguished from versification, and the actions rather than the thoughts and the motives of those whom he encountered in his life, the incidents of the human drama chiefly attracted and interested him. But Walpole's literary judgments were certainly in many instances warped by personal prejudice. Johnson wrote "absurd bombast;" Goldsmith was a "silly idiot." Each of these judgments sprang rather from his idea of the man than of his work. But after all, when Johnson patronizingly said of Walpole that he had "got together a great many curious little things and told them in an elegant manner," we perceive in him an equal incapacity of appreciation, showing in the case of each of these remarkable men how different are the judgments of contemporaries and of posterity, and how frequently temperament, and even habit, masters the judgment.

Of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" Walpole wrote that it was "very pleasing," and "showing great good nature and strokes of delicacy." We may or may not agree with him when he finds "Tristram Shandy" too long, but certainly he will in this criticism meet with the support of many moderns. For in truth, though we are constantly speaking of Walpole as a type of the eighteenth century, as in some respects in his form of life he was, yet, on the other hand, he is both in mind and in taste remarkably modern,

in spite of his resemblance to the typical "wit" of the first quarter of the century. He has the quickness of a later age than that in which he lived, its capacity of being bored, its preference for art, its appreciation of mediævalism. Gray on one occasion took him to task for using the words "tinker up." He did not say in so many words that Walpole was using what in modern phrase would be called slang; he says something about want of dignity in style. But Walpole actually has the temerity to defend his words as being the most telling and suitable for his purpose. "I am criticized for the expression 'tinker up' in the preface. Is this one of those that you object to? I own I think such a low expression, placed to ridicule an absurd instance of wise folly, very forcible. Replace it with an elevated word or phrase, and to my conception it becomes as flat as possible." That is to say, he defends an expression for its vividness and truth, an expression reproduced from actual life and applied to literary uses. In this he is years in advance of his time. It is not a little for this reason that Walpole is so readable to-day, he is not old-fashioned. His very fastidiousness, his positive detestation of stupidity and of monotony, are absolutely modern. There is a letter from Houghton which in its description of country society, in its indication of the *ennuyant*, in its quick transition from Norfolk to Italy, and in the positive relief with which he turns to art, is altogether remarkable.

Indeed, my dear Sir, you certainly did not use to be stupid, and till you give me more substantial proof that you are so, I shall not believe it. As for your temperate diet and milk bringing about such a metamorphosis, I hold it impossible. I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale,

The Letters of Horace Walpole.

and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only just seem roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and sirlain. Whenever the first laughs or the latter is cut there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirlain does not ask quite so many questions. I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbors. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with "who's" and "why's" and "when's" and "where's," till at last in my very sleep I cried out, "For God in heaven's sake, Madam, ask me no more questions!"

Oh! my dear Sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them. I fling open the windows and fancy I want air, and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in the town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literal-

ly by what is called "entertaining people" and "doing the honors;" that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, "I think you live a good deal in the country," or "I think you don't love this thing or that." Oh! 'tis dreadful.

I'll tell you what is delightful—the Dominichin! My dear Sir, if ever there was a Dominichin, if there was ever an original picture, this is one. I am quite happy. My father is as much transported with it as I am. It is hung in the gallery, where are all his most capital pictures, and he himself thinks it beats all but the two Guidos. (Toynbee, vol. i. p. 372.)

The only art for which Walpole had absolutely no love was music; but, on the other hand, unlike most men and women of his age, rural landscapes and the picturesque side of country life he could appreciate as well as any one at the present day, when landscape in art and literature has made the appreciation of it a modern trait. When he was staying at Whichnore, near Lichfield, he wrote to Lady Aylesbury: "The house is very indifferent, behind is a pretty park; the situation a brow of a hill commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentine in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral at Lichfield are in front at a distance, and its variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods." This is an admirable picture; the broad and telling outlines bring the landscape before us in half a dozen lines, but its effect as a piece of description is the result not only of a quick eye but of a receptive mind. As, however, time went on, Walpole became more and more habituated to London and the pleasant suburban life which he could enjoy close to the capital, and he had

few opportunities for enlarging his taste for simpler English landscape than that of Twickenham Ferry or of Richmond Bridge.

The Gothic imitations at Strawberry Hill afforded considerable amusement to Walpole's contemporaries, and have not escaped ridicule in later times; but Walpole is not the only person who has misapplied, in a mood of unreasoning enthusiasm, a particular form of architectural art, while Macaulay's attack on Walpole's rather indiscriminate mass of curios and objects of art shows how unable was the Early Victorian to understand the value and interest of such collections. Unquestionably he had a true love of mediæval architecture and a true appreciation of the charm of English Gothic. The delight which he found in Oxford is proof enough of the reality of this taste. "You know my rage for Oxford," so he writes to Montague from Strawberry Hill after passing four days at Oxford; "if King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither and profess Jacobitism that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers."

In this appreciation of architecture, altogether opposed to the ideas of the eighteenth century, Walpole showed very distinctly the modern spirit, and that he was greatly in advance of his contemporaries; and if Strawberry Hill has become somewhat of a byword, it is partly because there was an absolute inappreciation of Gothic art not only in Walpole's age, but for a long time afterwards, and the contemptuous echoes of his day are still audible. But Walpole's appreciation of Gothic architecture is of importance in assisting us to an estimate of his character. It shows a distinct independence of thought, and that beneath some affectation Walpole possessed bold and actual qualities which had a hard struggle to assert themselves amidst

the formalism and Phillistinism of the eighteenth century. In his love of art and in a sound critical judgment, which, of course, had its lapses, more especially as he grew older, he was incomparably nearer our own than his own time.

It may surprise us at first sight that Walpole, though a man of letters, was—as has already been said—so little of a correspondent or a companion of those who followed the same calling. It is a sign of his sincerity, of his absence of real affectation, though he had an affected manner, that he never attempted to play the patron. With his easy, not to say affluent, circumstances, it would not have been difficult for him to have gathered round him in London or at Twickenham as many writers as he wished. But Walpole disliked Bohemianism in all shapes, being himself careful in money matters. He had no sympathies for spendthrifts; he was particular in his house, particular about the manners of his circle, with an intense dislike of egotism or assumption, so that the easy and pleasant ways of the section of society in which he was born, its capacity for obtaining amusement from trifles, and its large outlook, its gay life, were much more to his taste than genius out at elbows, or learning which quickly bored. Gray was the only first-rate man of letters with whom he was actually intimate, and the friendship of Gray and Walpole arose not out of literature, but among the elms of Eton, though common literary interests formed an essential part of the correspondence which followed their European tour, and filled up the intervals between a visit of Gray to Strawberry Hill and of Walpole to Stoke Poges. The literary side of that correspondence is, however, unquestionably more marked in the letters of Gray than in those of Walpole. With Mason Walpole kept up a constant cor-

respondence for many years, but with Mason Walpole was thrown in communication through Gray, and Walpole became his correspondent, not so much from common sympathy as from that curious kindness which impelled him to write to men who were at a distance from London the news of that centre of civilization, and from an expectation that Mason was sure to preserve his letters, and so that they were equally certain, one day, to be published. Mason wrote verse, and imagined himself a poet, a belief which Walpole, with considerable good nature, at which he himself must often have smiled, was constantly increasing in his letters. But when Mason rushed somewhat vehemently into politics in Yorkshire, his want of judgment at so great a distance from London was not to be borne, and Walpole wrote to him with a vigor and a pungency which show how artificial was his customary style. When, however, in 1784, Mason turned, and became opposed to Fox's India Bill, and incited Lord Harcourt against it, this was the cause of their estrangement. Mason's political time-serving was unbearable, and Walpole did not hide his opinion. "I am above disguising my sentiments," he wrote, "and am too low for any man to disguise his to me. Mine, indeed, having no variety in them, must be less entertaining, and therefore unless I take a freak of hobbling to Court, you can have no curiosity to hear them now, but that I thought it respectful to you, and candid when you communicated your new sentiments to me, to tell you that mine remained unaltered." Thus, in the case of Mason as well as of Montague, Walpole's strength of political convictions put an end to a long-continued correspondence, and yet, as we have shown, in political action Walpole was a mere dilettante. But if Walpole had thrown himself into the more distinctly

professional literary world of London—the world of Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds—he would not have been that unique personality—Horace Walpole. Doubtless he would have been regarded by posterity as a more serious worker and less of a dilettante, though as it was he produced a vast deal more work than Gray, and as much as Goldsmith. No one can pretend that Walpole had not his marked limitations and a shallowness both of thought and emotion; and, numerous as are the topics which his correspondence touches, it too has many limitations, limitations which Walpole regarded as part of his craft as a letter-writer, and the existence of which unquestionably causes increasing admiration of his skill, and of a style which, while always simple and clear, never becomes commonplace: a feature not difficult to perceive, but one the more it is examined the less capable it is of analysis, and the more admirable and the more artful it is found. "A letter," wrote Cowper, "is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write on the same terms?" Cowper here exactly describes the character of his own delightful letters, though when he speaks of writing without thinking, he means without thinking of the idea or of the words which fall at the moment on the paper. For his own letters are the fruit of a meditative mind. Walpole's letters are quite different from the letters of which Cowper was thinking or which he wrote; they are premeditated, the idea and the word are alike selected with care, and flashes of acute and often humorous observation, carefully preserved, take the place of the casual though happy word, of the long-cherished thought, of the long-pondered idea at length communicated to a

friend. To put it in another way, Cowper wrote to please himself, Walpole to please his correspondents—a difference which made the correspondence of Cowper the reflection of his mind, that of Walpole of the scenes around him; it made one set of letters pleasing primarily from pure chance, the other primarily from design.

In his correspondence we scarcely ever find an elevating thought, a suggestive idea; his quick glance is satisfied to note the little ripples on the stream of life and never pierces its depths to discover the causes of the currents, and it was characteristic of him that he would turn from distress, not from want of heart, but because distress was painful. Life being what it is, he preferred to dwell on its brighter side, which is generally to be found if we look for it. The loss of a friend, mournful as it might be at the time, he seemed able to surmount with a mental elasticity which is the keynote of his life. When Madame du Deffand was on her death-bed, his letters to his cousin Thomas Walpole, at Paris, show more feeling than can anywhere be found in his correspondence.

Her silence and assoupissement make me hope she is almost insensible. Indeed I dreaded her dictating some letter to me which I could not stand. I loved her most affectionately and sincerely, and my gratitude to her is without bounds. I admired her, too, infinitely; her understanding, I am sure, till within these three months was astonishing. I received one instance of her affection that I never can forget while I have a grain of memory left, and which I have never had an opportunity of telling her how deeply I felt. But I am sure, when you hear it, you will think it justifies all the sorrow I feel for losing her—for alas! by this time I doubt I have lost her. If she still exists, and you can show her any mark of kindness, it will be the highest obligation to me. I feel thoroughly all you have done.

Rarely in his correspondence did Walpole show his real nature; but in this and similar passages, when Madame du Deffand was dying, we are able to perceive how different was the outward from the inward man, and in some respects how much injustice the very sensitiveness of his nature did him in his constant and, perhaps, too successful efforts to hide all emotion in the contemplation and description of the actions of society. But grieved as he was, his capacity for repairing losses soon becomes clear, and one almost thinks that the care of Râton makes up for the loss of the little dog's mistress. One would not look for constancy in such a character, and yet Walpole was the most constant of men.

With Lady Ossory he regularly corresponded for seven and twenty years, with Madame du Deffand for sixteen years, for forty-five with Mann, and with Montague for forty-four years. A correspondence unbroken in the case of Madame du Deffand, Gray, and Mann, interrupted only by death, continuing month by month, year after year, is indicative of the ever-present thought of those who are absent and at a distance, of the constant desire to please, of a mind dwelling on the traits and the tastes of friends who are out of sight—in a word, of unselfishness. Thus, in spite of their art, Walpole's letters are essentially sincere, and they have as their basis sympathy—a sympathy which is shown in the abnegation of self and in a constant consideration of the personality of his correspondents.

Sympathy, the offspring of keen sensibility and a bright intellect, is the most lovable of human qualities, and it was this which made Walpole a correspondent dear to every friend and equally agreeable to the men and women of to-day. Sympathy of a narrower kind more completely extended

to a single family permeates the correspondence of George Selwyn with the fifth Earl of Carlisle, and sympathy more intellectual in its environment makes Gray's letters as attractive to us of the twentieth century as they were when written nearly two centuries ago from the cloisters of

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Peterhouse and the rural retreat of Stoke Poges. In other words, a chief cause of the permanent place which Walpole's letters have obtained, and will continue to retain, is the cause of all permanence in literature—the fact that they are permeated by an elemental human quality.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

Immediately after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, numerous articles, in which the terrible danger of the yellow peril to the powers of Europe was forcibly demonstrated, appeared in the Continental press, especially in that of Russia and of Germany. In these articles it was said that, unless Japan was defeated by Russia, an immense Chinese army would arise under Japanese leadership, which would first wrest her Asiatic possessions from Europe, and then wage war against the white races, Christianity, and European civilization, as in the days of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

If the yellow races should become united into one solid mass, or if China should follow in the footsteps of Japan, the danger of a conflict with that immense power would, indeed, be very great for the European powers, and especially for those European powers which have valuable and extensive possessions in Asia. Great Britain has in India and Burma not only the most valuable stake in Asia, but these countries are, besides, neighbors of China, towards which they have a frontier extending over several thousand miles. Consequently it is clear that, if there is really a yellow peril, the danger of aggression is most immediate for Great Britain, for it appears most likely that that yellow army of ten or twenty millions of men, of which

Continental writers have spoken, would first move on India in order to fulfill its anticipated object of reclaiming "Asia for the Asiatics" by expelling the English, before threatening and invading Europe.

The conclusion that China may follow Japan's example and reform herself, and create an immense army and navy of Japanese excellence, against which the armed forces of united Europe might prove powerless, is a natural one, and an easy one to come to, for at first sight the Chinese and Japanese have much in common. They have the same yellow skin, the same black hair, and the same almond-shaped eye. Until forty years ago the Chinese and Japanese culture was identical, both nations possessed the same literature and the same arts, they used the same writing, and they were equally hostile to foreigners. In industrial and artistic products, such as porcelain, lacquer ware, bronzes, and silks, it is often impossible to tell Chinese from Japanese goods. Therefore the deduction that China would imitate Japan, that a victorious Japan would soon convert the latent danger of the yellow peril into an actual danger by reforming China and then contending with the white races for the dominion of the world, seems very plausible. Hence it is extremely desirable to investigate whether the yel-

low peril exists indeed, or whether it is merely imaginary.

Many writers, of whom some are more or less acquainted with the Far East, have given their personal views on the future of the yellow race, and needless to say, their hypotheses vary. After all, the question whether there is a yellow peril or whether there is not, is not one that can be satisfactorily solved by the personal views of any one European, whether he has been in Asia or not. That question can be answered only if we carefully inquire into the mind of China and Japan, and so obtain an inside view of these nations and their aspirations, in order that we may weigh the factors which may create a peril to the white race.

Owing to the assistance of some of the foremost Japanese and Chinese statesmen who have supplied me with most valuable information, I have been enabled to investigate this question very fully, and to obtain the views of some of the best minds of Europe and Asia. I am particularly indebted to Baron Suyematsu, the former Minister of Communications and of the Interior of Japan, for the extremely valuable information with which he has supplied me.

Though China and Japan are neighbors, and have apparently much in common, the fundamental differences in the history, traditions, character, mind, aims, and organization of these two nations are so great as to appear irreconcilable. These irreconcilable differences may be summed up in the single phrase that Japan is, and has always been, an open-minded and progressive nation that looked to the future, whilst China has, during historical times, always lived in the past.

The entire political and social organization of China, her ethics, her science, her education, her policy, and her system of government are based on certain canons which were drawn

up long before the time of Moses. The Chinese principles and system of government have, from the time of Confucius, been handed on from dynasty to dynasty. As far as possible all actions of the Chinese Government are regulated by precedents reaching back thousands of years, and a board of the highest officials have to watch that all edicts and proclamations conform in style, spirit, and substance with the ancient dynastic regulations and Confucian precepts.

The minute rules contained in the *Book of Rites*, which was written 3,000 years ago, are still authoritative in all circumstances of national and of private life, and have to be diligently observed and adhered to.

Confucius, "the incomparable teacher, sage, and saint of all times," as he is called in China, lived 551-479 B. C., or 200 years before Alexander the Great. His image is to be found everywhere, the Emperor and all the people do him homage, and his influence over the mind of China is absolute. His teachings are in the main based on the pronouncements of rulers who flourished between 2356 and 2205 B. C. This period was, in the eyes of Confucius, the Golden Age of China, and the principles and precepts of the Emperors Yaou and Shun, who then flourished, were, and are still, valid.

In all Chinese pronouncements, and even in the most progressive ones, it is pointed out in the most scholarly manner that they conform in every respect with the principles contained in the *Book of Changes*, the *Doctrine of the Middle*, the *Chow Ceremonial*, and other books which were written 3,000 years ago, and with the Confucian writings which are 2,300 years old. A few examples will show how completely China's mind is fettered by the precepts of antiquity. The great Yangtse viceroy Chang Chi Tung, who is perhaps the most progressive high official

in China a few years ago presented a book, in two volumes, entitled *China's Only Hope*, to the Emperor in which he urged numerous reforms. At least half of this book consists of the enumeration of precedents in favor of reform which are taken from remote antiquity. Thus we read:

The principle of Western Natural Science is stated in the *Doctrine of the Middle*; the principle of what is known as scientific agriculture lies in the *Chow Ceremonial*, which discusses the method of transforming soil, silk and cotton selection, the utilization of waste matter, etc. . . In the *San Tai* (1900 B.C.) there were schools of languages in China.

Even in that most celebrated and most radically progressive reform edict, which was issued a few years ago by the present Emperor Kwang Hsu, we find that China is firmly and apparently indissolubly bound to her antique traditions, from which she must not deviate under any circumstances, for we read:

The world possesses canons that have come down from antiquity and are unalterable, but there is no method of governing that may not be modified. The *Book of Changes* long ago showed how such modifications might be adopted, and one can see clearly from the *Confucian Analects* wherein lies loss and advantage. The Three Bonds and the Five Moral Virtues, which stand out bright as the sun and stars enlightening the world, cannot be changed, but modifications in government may be introduced, just as the lute player must shift his fingers from one string of his instrument to another.

The constant quotation of Confucian and pre-Confucian precepts, and the absolute domination of these precepts even in the most practical and most urgent questions of the day, is for Europeans very difficult to understand,

and an adequate explanation of this, to us, very singular phenomenon is difficult to give. We must rest satisfied with the knowledge that these ancient canons are still absolutely guiding and binding on the whole people.

The only historical precedent for the mental attitude of China is furnished by the similar attitude of ancient Egypt. There also culture had marvellously developed in an age that appears prehistoric to us, but progress had been arrested thousands of years ago, and later centuries were content to stand still and contemplate the past, maintain that civilization which their remote ancestors had created by constant progress, and bar or forbid all innovations.

We Europeans find the retrospective attitude of the Chinese mind, with its veneration of the extreme past, an inexplicable anachronism in this world of constant change and progress. On the other hand, the Chinese find the claim of Europeans to the possession of a superior civilization no less astounding and unjustified. The Chinese, whose political and private conduct is regulated by standard works which are thousands of years old, and who claim a history extending over ten thousands of years, look upon the European in much the same way in which a grandee of Spain, with an historic name, looks down upon a Chicago pork packer. Evidence of the conviction that Chinese civilization is incomparably superior to European culture may be met with in the most progressive Chinese. That most progressive viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, for instance, says in *China's Only Hope*:

Examine the history of China for 2,000 years back and then compare it with the Western history of fifty years! Does the government of these foreign countries present such a record of generosity, benevolence, loyalty, and honesty as ours?

In their contempt for European civilization the most highly cultured Chinese, and the less cultured, have but one opinion. We read in one of the Boxer proclamations:

Though they ride in sedan chairs unbefitting their rank, China still regards them as barbarians of whom Heaven disapproves, and it is for their destruction that spirits and genie are now sent to earth.

When the present Czar travelled in the Far East in 1890-91, he contemplated visiting Peking. But the Chinese Government first tried to induce him to change his plans, then arranged that he should only be received by Li Hung Chang, because a worthy reception of him in Peking would have meant the acknowledgment of Russia's equality. Discovering the intended slight the visit was abandoned.

The feeling of immeasurable superiority permeates the whole Chinese nation to an extraordinary degree. The members of all other extra-European nations adopt European ways and European dress, but a Chinaman, whatever his position may be, would as little think of adopting European manners and European dress in Europe as an Englishman would think of wearing a loin cloth in the Transvaal. European learning, European principles, European manners, and European views are so diametrically opposed to those of the Chinese that the Chinese look on Europeans with exactly the same feeling of wonder mingled with contempt with which many Europeans regard the Chinese.

Confucius taught: "When there is constancy then only can there be permanence, when there is permanence then only can there be rest, when there is rest then only can there be quiet, when there is quiet then only can there be meditation, when there is

meditation then only can there be success."

This saying of Confucius sums up and explains the peculiar mental attitude of China, which we call inertia and hostility to progress, and which is as natural and as ingrained in China as activity, progress, and the love of change are in the countries populated by the white races. Therefore the countries of the West are, in the Chinese mind, a world of yesterday, a strange, fantastic, and barbaric new world, without a past, dignity, or real learning.

The Chinese possess no alphabet, but a different sign for every word. The less educated must know several thousands of these word pictures in order to understand the simple written language, whilst the highly cultured must know tens of thousands of these complicated signs. Consequently the Chinese child has to go through a very prolonged and very laborious training in order to learn reading and writing. The Chinese learn reading, not from primers, but exclusively from the classics. Thus it comes that when they have finished their education they know the classics by heart, but know little or nothing else. Indeed, the very immensity of the task of learning to read and to write makes it difficult, and almost impossible, for the Chinese to learn anything besides, and this explains why this otherwise so talented and so highly educated race is so strangely ignorant of outside affairs and of European languages.

Owing to this peculiar education it comes that the teachings of Confucius contained in the classics are deeply and indelibly engraved in the memory of the people; it loses its open mind, and it would almost seem that China would be able to introduce sweeping reforms after Japan's example if only the nation would break with its traditions and with Confucianism, its only real

religion, and exchange its language. Such a contingency seems, however, extremely unlikely.

Japan, on the other hand, clearly recognized that Chinese writing is a very serious bar to national progress. Therefore, she has already greatly simplified her writing, and is contemplating the abolishment of Chinese characters altogether, and the introduction of Roman characters in their stead.

Ancestor worship is the only State worship, and is the general worship prevailing in China. The veneration of ancestors provides an additional bar to progress and reform, for the actions of the State and of the individual have, on religious grounds, to be shaped, not in accordance with present requirements, but with ancient precedents. The few facts and quotations given will make it abundantly clear why China has advanced so little during the last two or three thousand years in literature, science, and statecraft.

China's rigid conservatism has proved stronger than all conquerors who have overthrown China. China has remained true to herself through all the changes of history, and is a huge survival of, for Europeans, but not for the Chinese, prehistoric times. This enormous record of continued national and individual conservatism makes it appear extremely unlikely that China, who for thousands of years has been standing still, will suddenly reform herself or allow herself to be reformed and become a progressive and conquering nation.

Whilst China has always been a conservative and essentially a peaceful and passive nation, Japan has ever been progressive and warlike. Seventeen centuries ago Japan made her first descent on Korea, and adopted the superior civilization which she found in that country. In their constant desire for self-improvement, the Japanese

have always tried to learn from the ablest and the most powerful nation which they knew, and that nation was, until recently, China. Following China's example, Japan lived a life of absolute isolation from 1638 onward, until Commodore Perry steamed into the harbor of Uraga. The bombardment of Shimonoseki in 1864, unimportant though it was, immediately awakened Japan to the realities of life. The country, which had hitherto been divided against itself through the ascendancy and usurpation of the nobles, keenly felt the humiliation of that bombardment, and at once was alive to the necessity of presenting a united front to the world. Before four years had gone by the Mikado was re-established as the real ruler over the whole of Japan. Immediately European culture, which had proved its superiority in battle, was introduced, and already in 1872 the first railway was opened by the Mikado.

A single and quite unimportant encounter with Europeans sufficed to wake Japan out of her slumber, and to weld the independent principalities together into a single and homogenous nation, and animated that nation with the single purpose of adopting immediately the highest culture that could be found in the strange outside world which had obtruded itself so rudely upon Japan's notice. But all her great misfortunes have not caused a similar awakening of China. China has lost to Russia the Amur and Ussuri provinces, and Manchuria with Mukden, where the graves of the reigning imperial family are; France took from her Tonking, Annam, and Cochinchina; England occupied Burma, Hong Kong, and Wai Hei Wei; Germany deprived her of Shantung, with the grave of Confucius; Japan took Formosa, and Siam made herself independent. Yet China stolidly follows "the Way" in accordance with the teachings of her

ancient sages. She remains passionless, and, to European eyes, indifferent to her defeats, relying, as she has always done during the last few thousand years, on her capacity for patient and passive resistance, with which she has in the end absorbed and assimilated all foreign invaders. Is it likely that a nation which again and again has been defeated, humiliated, and plundered by Europe, and which, nevertheless, has steadfastly refused to reform her army and navy, will suddenly do so either spontaneously or at the bidding of the Japanese? Will the words of the Japanese, who are as much looked down upon by the Chinese as are Europeans, prove more persuasive to China than her countless defeats and humiliations and her losses of vast stretches of territory?

China does not possess what we call a national spirit. In fact, there is neither a Chinese nation nor a Chinese State, for the Chinese do not even understand the meaning of the word "State." China is politically a huge agglomeration which is held together by the teachings of Confucius. Its basis is the family. In theory the Emperor exercises supreme paternal authority over the whole country, and there are imperial institutions and authorities in existence; but in reality China consists of a number of almost completely independent States which are held together only by Confucianism and by a common literature. As Sir Rutherford Alcock, the former British Minister in China, said, "each province constitutes a separate State in its administration."

Owing to the complete absence of national feeling, China does not possess a national force for national defence, but provincial armies and regional fleets, and each province is apt to become perturbed if forces belonging to another province draw near, even if it be for co-operation against

foreign aggression, for the inhabitants of different provinces are as foreigners to one another. When, in 1891, anti-foreign riots threatening the peace of the Empire, took place on the Yangtze, the Chinese Government allowed foreign warships to go up the river rather than offend the jealous provinces by sending a fleet of their own. The Chinese squadron cruised in Japanese waters whilst foreign gunboats patrolled the river. During the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894-95, only the Northern squadron went into action against Japan. Whilst that squadron was fighting Japan, the Southern squadron remained in its quarters, taking no notice of the "local disturbance" created by the Japanese, and before the conclusion of peace the Chinese authorities asked blandly that a vessel belonging to the Southern squadron, which had been captured by the Japanese, should be returned, because the South had not taken part in the war.

But even that lesson did not suffice to show the Chinese the necessity for national as distinguished from provincial defence. When Lord Charles Beresford visited China in 1898, Prince Ching told him that he did not think it would be possible to alter the old-established custom and practice of having provincial armies. Lord Charles Beresford's remark that it would have been impossible for the Japanese to obtain their brilliant and easy victories if the two provincial fleets of China had been united as a national fleet under one commander appears not to have had much practical effect.

In consequence of this absence of national feeling among the Chinese, the loose authority of the Emperor, and the practical independence of the provinces, the imperial edicts addressed to the viceroys are often framed more in the form of suggestions and proposals than in the form of commands, even if obedience to these

edicts is a matter of life and death for the nation. The following was an imperial edict sent to the viceroy of the Szechuan Province on the 25th June, 1900:

At present war has broken out between China and foreign countries. At Tient-sin, in Chihli, our generals have gained victories with the patriotic Boxers helping the Government troops, and an edict has already been issued to praise and congratulate these. Such patriotic people are to be found in all parts of the Empire, and if the viceroys and governors of all the provinces are able to unite and organize forces, we can put an end to foreign insults, and shall accomplish great results. Report immediately what steps are being taken. The provinces bordering on the river or the sea should particularly act quickly. Bring this 600 li a day edict to public notice.

Respect this.

The effect of this edict, which was issued at a moment of great national emergency, and which calls for the co-operation of viceroys and governors, "if possible," is described by Consul Fraser in his despatch to Lord Salisbury as follows:

Up to the present the local mandarins have refused to obey the edict . . . ordering war on foreigners, and have taken the cautious course of treating these commands as spurious.

The Chinese officials have ever been pastmasters in evasion and procrastination.

Whilst China was attacked by the allied powers in 1900, the Yangtse viceroys observed a benevolent neutrality towards the aggressors, exactly as they did in the Chinese-Japanese war, considering the march of the allies on Peking a merely local affair not affecting their provinces. Their attitude is explained by Consul Clennell in the following words:

While I think they will ultimately side with the winner in the present troubles . . . the officials in these provinces have so far by no means renounced their allegiance to the Government to which they owe their appointment. They acknowledge freely enough that "the northern affair has been mismanaged" . . . but, if they saw a chance of success, my impression is that they would gladly employ all the forces at their disposal to defend the Manchu dynasty, perhaps even to reinstate it, if it should be overthrown.

They would like peace to be preserved on the Yang-tze, but are hedging against either event. Prudence and a regard for their revenue restrain them from violent courses.

In other parts of China also the local administrators appear to have placed provincial convenience above imperial and national interests, for Consul Carlos reports from Tientsin:

While professing to comply with imperial decrees, the present Governor of Shantung will, as long as possible, avoid obeying any order to send troops from his province northwards to meet the allied forces; but how long this attitude may continue possible, probably depends upon the turn of events in this neighborhood.

The few representative instances quoted clearly illustrate the spirit which pervades the central and the local governments of China; they show the complete absence of the sense of nationality among both rulers and ruled, and they demonstrate the entire lack of cohesion between the various parts of China which possess so much "self-government" that the consciousness of national unity and solidarity appears to be completely lost.

Though China is described as a "State" in the textbooks of Europe, China is not a "State" according to the meaning of the word accepted in Europe, but is only a geographical

term. It may even be doubted whether China may be described as a nation, for the differences existing between the different provinces and their inhabitants are as great as are the differences existing between the various nations of Europe. For instance, the Chinese on the Yangtse speak a language different from that of the inhabitants of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Si, consider them as foreigners, and hate them for having massacred their relatives in the Taiping rebellion. In this connection it might be observed that a Chinese army considers any other province than its own as the enemy's country, and lives there on loot. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Chinese have so far found it impossible to amalgamate their local troops into a national army.

Altogether it seems that China's provincial armies are really only a local police force for maintaining order, for in no other way can the complete absence of national and even of adequate local provision for military defence be explained.

Japan was always a military, though not by any means an aggressive country; China was always peaceful. Whilst literati were the aristocracy of China, the samurai, the warriors, were the aristocracy of Japan, and the ancient warlike spirit of Japan rapidly and easily accommodated itself to new conditions of warfare, and learned to excel even in the most modern and the most scientific weapons, the battleship and the torpedo boat.

China, on the other hand, has had excellent European instructors, and she has been supplied with the best arms and the best ships. Nevertheless, she has never known how to make proper use of the implements of war because the martial spirit is non-existent in China. For this reason, also, no European nation has so far succeeded in

raising Chinese troops, and the experiments which Great Britain, Germany, and Russia have made in this direction have proved an unqualified failure. Military honor is a factor which does not exist in China, and no Chinaman will find it a disgrace to run away from the enemy if he has a chance. Therefore bodily compulsion is frequently required to prevent Chinese troops from fleeing before or during a battle.

Chinese strategy and tactics belong to a pre-historic period, and the training of Chinese troops is done in accordance with the precedents handed on from remote antiquity. Therefore, we are told by Lord Charles Beresford:

It seems incredible, but some of the soldiers are still practiced in shooting with bows and arrows at a target. When at Peking I saw them practising in an open space near the Observatory. Hitting the target is a detail of minor importance; the real merit consists in the position or attitude of the bowman when discharging his shaft.

Admiral Fremantle said:

A visit to the military parade-grounds of Osaka and Tientsin showed quite clearly that while the legions of Japan were inferior to no troops in the world, China, although she could adopt, could not adapt the civilization of Europe, and her foreign drilled troops fell to pieces when their officers were away. Not only had the Chinese no natural leaders, but they had no respect for military authorities, and they had absolutely no discipline.

If we look into the antique regulations in accordance with which Chinese officers are trained and examined, we find that the greatest stress is laid on shooting with bows and arrows on the ground and on horseback, on lifting weights and on using the halberd, and proficiency in these ensures promotion.

The Chinese generals are a curious survival of a prehistoric age. They are rather army contractors than generals, and they consider their position specially provided for their personal profit. The general draws from the Government a lump sum for the maintenance of an army, and makes his profit by falsifying the muster roll and by defrauding his men, not half the soldiers existing on paper exist in reality, and when an army inspector comes round, coolies are hired to pose as soldiers for the occasion, and the inspecting officer is "squared," in the traditional manner of China.

The soldier's occupation, which is the most honored profession of Japan, is despised by the Chinese, in accordance with the views of their ancient philosophers. They share Count Leo Tolstol's opinion that "the first duty of rational beings is to abolish war altogether," and act in accordance with that view of war. Therefore, it is but natural that China has offered only a passive resistance to her enemies during the last few thousand years.

Patriotism is unknown in China, both in its larger and its smaller aspect. The provinces and the provincial officials do not possess the sense of national solidarity, and the individual Chinaman does not possess the feeling that it is his duty to defend his country. Confucianism has put the importance of the family and the duties of the individual towards his family so much into the foreground that there seems to be no room left for patriotism—the duty towards one's country. Nepotism is part and a natural consequence of the family system, which is the palladium of China, and important official positions are frequently given by the men in power, not to the deserving, but to members of their family.

Family being the centre of the political fabric, China is organized on prin-

ciples of the utmost decentralization. The interests of the provinces are placed above the interests of the nation, and the interest of the family is placed above the interest of the provinces. For these reasons the local authorities have become almost completely independent of the central power; the power of the State is extremely shadowy, and the importance attached to the family has created an "individualism" which is absolutely incompatible with the existence of the State and destructive of it.

In China the policy of *laissez faire* and non-interference has been carried to the furthest extreme. The officials shirk all the work that can be shirked, and leave the regulation of all public matters and the abolishment of all abuses to private enterprise, which has consequently created States within the State. Owing to the importance of the family, the Chinese possess no political instinct, but a strongly developed social instinct. Therefore the people exercise an enormous and often beneficial subterranean influence through their secret societies and their guilds. But at the same time they have made all political government extremely difficult, owing to the activity of these secret social organizations, as Great Britain has experienced in Hong Kong.

Through the absence of political instinct and of patriotic feeling, self-interest has become the strongest *motif* of the individual—soldiers serve only for their pay or from compulsion, personal patriotism is unknown, extortion and bribery are rampant throughout the official classes, and the individual Chinese will never hesitate to sell his country to the enemy. The absence of public honesty is all the more astonishing if we compare it with the private honesty of the Chinese. In no country in the world is the word of a merchant more sacred than in China.

The word of the average Chinese business man is as good as the bond of the average European. That noble feeling which we call patriotism, and which is possessed by the Japanese in the most exalted degree, is not known and hardly understood in China, but its place is taken by the passionate attachment of the individual Chinaman to his family. Therefore, the Chinese is always ready to lay down his life for the good of his family as unhesitatingly as the Japanese will sacrifice himself for his country.

The facts and evidence given in the foregoing should make it abundantly clear that the difference between China and Japan, and the difference between China and any European power, in history, traditions, character, mind, and organization, is so great that a comparison between China and Japan or between China and any European power is altogether out of the question. As a matter of fact, the fundamental differences between China and Japan are greater than those between China and England. We therefore cannot make logical deductions as to the future development of China, as such deductions would necessarily be based on precedents furnished either by Japan or by a white power. Therefore it would appear that those who rashly concluded that China would follow in the footsteps of Japan were totally oblivious of, or unacquainted with, the peculiarities of China.

If we bear in mind these peculiarities which have characterized China for thousands of years, and remember how deeply the country is steeped in its ancient traditions by having lived a life apart through more than a hundred generations, we can understand why perhaps the most talented and the most Westernized Chinese statesman, Marquis Tseng, who, to the misfortune of China, died too young, wrote the following in 1887:

The Chinese have never been an aggressive race. History shows them to have always been a peaceful people, and there is no reason why they should be otherwise in the future. China has none of that land hunger so characteristic of other nations, and, contrary to what is generally believed in Europe, she is under no necessity of finding in other lands an outlet for a surplus population. . . .

In her wide dominions there is room, and to spare, for all her teeming population. What China wants is not emigration, but a proper organization for the equable distribution of the population. In China proper, much land has gone out of cultivation, whilst in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan, there are immense tracts of country which have never felt the touch of the husbandman.

If we bear in mind all the evidence that has been put forward, it does not seem likely that China will become aggressive and a danger to Europe, nor does it seem probable that she will introduce thorough reforms for a long time to come. It appears that even the most enlightened Chinese do not quite grasp how deeply rooted China's conservatism is, and how radical must be the change that will deflect China from the course which she has pursued for thousands of years without turning. This may be seen from the celebrated Reform Edict of the Emperor which was published in 1901, in which the surface causes of China's weakness were explained. We read in this document:

Chinese and foreign methods are to be blended together in one whole, for China's weakness lies in her adherence to tradition and the too great inflexibility of her modes of government. Worthless officials are numerous and good men few; in our modes of government we employ mediocrities who take advantage of their position and freedom from scrutiny. The officials in the yamens rely on their positions to make

money, and in our official procedure attention is paid to the composition of despatches, and none at all to the real needs of the times. . . . What has ruined our government is the one word "self-interest" and the Empire the one word "precedent." . . . The prejudiced literati talk of orthodoxy in scholarship without understanding in the least degree of what they speak. . . . Through our obstinate belief that literary excellence is the criterion of merit and that government can only be carried on by close adherence to precedent, we have gradually fallen into the present state of formless indifference as to whether a particular reform is to be initiated or abuse abolished.

The publication of this edict convinced many superficial observers that China had at last entered upon the path of reform. However, those who have a more intimate knowledge of the country doubted, and justly, whether it would be possible to "blend Chinese and foreign methods together in one whole." That seems to be a task which is beyond the power of any man, even of a Marquis Ito.

Japan could easily reform herself, for she was constitutionally progressive, patriotic, centralized, and used to absolutism, so that a single will could move the whole nation towards reform. China is not a nation, but merely a geographical and an ethnographical expression, and as no Chinese nation exists, it is difficult to see whence a national awakening or a national movement can come. China seems to be fettered to the dim and distant past with almost unbreakable chains which the genius of its sages has devised. Japan was free from such fetters, and her mind was like a blank page.

During the last few years we have heard a great deal of Chinese reforms, and especially of educational reforms. A considerable number of reform edicts have been published, facilities have

been created in China for the study of Western science, and a number of Chinese students have been sent abroad for study. But at the same time the ardent reformers have been cruelly persecuted in China, and have been treated as revolutionaries; in 1902 the European professors were dismissed from the recently created Imperial University, and the reform era seems to have come to an end and to have given place to an era of reaction. Only a few months ago the well-informed Tientsin correspondent of the *Times* reported:

The immediate prospect of reformed education in Peking and in the provinces is not cheerful. Universities, colleges, and schools abound, it is true, but, being under official management, they resemble the Chinese army in that their existence is largely a matter of imagination. Those sanguine students who, relying on the progressive edicts of the year of penitence, 1901, have devoted themselves to "Western learning" in the hope of finding therein advancement, are now realizing the error of their ways.

At most of the recent provincial examinations it has been made clear that he who adheres to the old order of things, he who best commits to memory the sacred books and classics, will continue to find favor and promotions.

Chinese students are also, no longer encouraged to go abroad in order to learn what other nations are doing. The Chinese authorities probably remember the saying of Li-fun:

The wise man can learn everything under the sun without leaving his home. That of which he has no experience he can investigate as if he had been personally present.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the mental attitude of the Chinese literati towards Western culture than the following text of an examination paper, in which the contempt of China for the

West is clad in the most delicate irony:

When the teachings of the philosopher Meh that all should love one another won the adherence of the people, then soldiers refused to go to war.

The State churches of Western Europe are somewhat similar in their teaching, but when their armies and navies receive the order to go to war they all compete to be the first in the fight resulting in the slaughter of the enemy.

What is the reason of this?

The contents of the essays written in answer to this question by the competing students may easily be imagined.

China's weakness has always proved her strength. The teeming millions of her population have been like shifting quicksands to the heavy foot of the conqueror. China has proved unconquerable because she is ungovernable, having never been accustomed to any form of government properly so called. The very lack of a native governmental organization has deprived conquering nations of a means of gaining a hold on the nation, and of the possibility of imposing their will on the people. Besides the deeply rooted hatred of foreigners, the absence of governmental restrictions, and the self-centred existence of the family, have made a hostile kingdom of every household to the stranger who tries to lead or to coerce China upon a new path. A conqueror may, and possibly will, win over the mandarins; but he will find it impossible to conquer the people. For this reason Japan would not be able to obtain a hold on China even if she had a mind to do so, for Japan might possess, but she could not rule, the country.

Sir Robert Hart wisely wrote:

Whatever portion of China is ceded will have to be ruled by force, and the larger the territory so ceded, the

more soldiers will its management require and the more certain will be unrest and insurrection.

The Japanese are fully aware of these peculiarities of China, and one of the most prominent Japanese statesmen recently declared:

We would not have China or a part of China for a gift, for it would only be a source of trouble and expense to us. It would cost us a lot of money for administration, and bring in nothing in return. We can only profit from China by trading, but trade would not increase by our occupation.

Bismarck said, shortly before his death, to Poschinger: "It has been asserted that the Chinese might prove a danger to Europe; but such a development seems unlikely in view of the power of inertia which this people has shown through centuries," and Lord Curzon, who is perhaps the best judge of Asiatic politics living, has, on similar grounds, given a complete refutation to the danger of the yellow peril in his book *Problems of the Far East*. It seems that the vast majority of European statesmen who are acquainted with China agree on this point.

We may expect that Japan will in course of time be forced to look for colonies, for only one-eighth of her narrow territory is cultivable. Japanese colonization will probably be chiefly directed towards Corea, and her colonizing activity should prove no political danger, but an economic advantage to Europe. China will probably continue for a long time to live a life apart, and neither reform herself nor allow outsiders to reform her. Therefore, it appears that neither in China nor in Japan are there any elements from which a peril to Europe is likely to arise.

People who speak of the yellow peril think of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane,

and of the Mongolian hordes which overran Europe. But these Mongolian hordes did not come from China. They came from those territories north of China, which now are Russian. The Chinese and Japanese themselves have been exposed to that yellow peril. The Mongolians conquered China easily; but of the enormous host which landed in Japan only three returned alive. From the most remote times until the present day China was threatened from the North, and Confucius repeatedly pointed out the dangers arising from the barbarians of the North as a protection against whom the Great Wall of China was erected 2,000 years ago.

When some years ago the German Emperor painted his celebrated picture *The Yellow Peril*, he either believed that that peril really existed, and in that case his belief was not founded on sufficient evidence, or he was unwittingly made the instrument of Russia, whose policy he was led to support in order to protect Europe against the yellow peril. At present Russian diplomacy is again using the argument of the yellow peril for all it is worth, in order to find allies which will extricate her from the unpleasant position into which she has brought herself. Already the German and French journals which stand under the influence of the Russian foreign office are preaching a crusade of united Europe against Japan, because of the yellow peril which threatens Europe, and even M. Hanotaux and M. Lockroy have lately been prevailed upon publicly to

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endorse this legend in the interest of "La Nation amie et alliée."

However, notwithstanding these interesting attempts to falsify history and to pervert public opinion, the two great Anglo-Saxon nations who, owing to the grouping of the Powers, will be the arbiters in the Russo-Japanese conflict, and they should never forget it, will not be convinced that China and Japan are a peril to Europe. In due time there may be a Congress of London or of San Francisco, but there must not be a Congress of Berlin.

If there is a yellow peril for Europe, it must be sought for not in China or Japan, but in another country. Russia's wanton aggression in every direction from sheer lust of conquest, her harsh and truly Mongolian rule, and her destruction of all original culture in the lands which she has conquered, by her celebrated "policy of the steam-roller," is the greatest peril that threatens Europe and its civilization. "Egratignez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare" is to-day as true as it was when Napoleon the First coined the phrase. Indeed, Russia is in race, customs, art, thought, and general culture more yellow than white, more Asiatic than European. Count Okuma, the Japanese statesman, therefore expressed what most European diplomats think, though they may hesitate to put their conviction into words, when he recently declared: "The real cause of the yellow peril does not lie with Japan or with China, but with the gigantic Power of the North."

O. Eltzbacher.

THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER.

The party from the big German mail-boat had nearly completed its inspection of Mozambique. They had walked up and down the main street, admired the palms, lunched at the costly table of Lazarus, and purchased "curios"—Indian silks, Javanese knives, Birmingham metal-work, explorations. In particular, Miss Paterson had invested in a heavy bronze image—apparently Japanese—concerning which she entertained the thrilling delusion that it was an object of local worship. It was a grotesque thing, massive and shaped generously, weighing not much less than 10 or 12 lb. Hence it was confided to the careful portorage of Dawson, an assiduous and favored courtier of Miss Paterson, and he, having lunched, was fated to leave it behind at Lazarus' Hotel.

Miss Patterson shook her fluffy curls at him. They were drawing towards dinner, and the afternoon was wearing stale.

"I did so want that idol," she said plaintively. She had the childish quality of voice, the insipidity of intonation, which is best appreciated in steamboat saloons. "Oh, Mr. Dawson, don't you think you could get it back for me?"

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the contrite Dawson. "I'll go back at once. You don't know when the ship goes, do you?"

Another of Miss Paterson's cavaliers assured him that he had some hours yet. "The steward told him so," he added authoritatively.

"Then I'll go at once," said Dawson, hating him.

"Mind don't lose the boat," Miss Paterson called after him.

He went swiftly back to the wide main street in which they had spent the day. Lamps were beginning to shine everywhere, and the dull peace of the place was broken by a new life. Those that dwell in darkness were going abroad now, and the great saloons were filling. Dawson noted casually that evening was evidently the lively time of Mozambique. He passed men of a type he had missed during the day, men of all nationalities, by their faces, and every shade of color. They were lounging on the side-walk in knots of two or three, sitting at the little tables outside the saloons, or lurking at the entrances of narrow alleys that ran aside from the main street every few paces. All were clad in thin white suits, and some wore knives in full sight, while there was that about most of them that would lead even the most innocent and conventional second-class passenger to guess at a weapon concealed somewhere. Some of them looked keenly at Dawson as he passed along; and although he met their eyes impassively, he—even he—was conscious of an implied estimate in their glance, as though they classified him with a look. Once he stepped aside to let a woman pass. She was large, flamboyantly southern, and calm. She lounged along, a cloak over her left arm, her head thrown back, a cigarette between her wide red lips. She, too, looked at Dawson—looked down at him with a superb lazy nonchalance, laughed a little, and walked on. The loungers on the side-walk laughed too, but rather with her than at Dawson.

"I seem rather out of it here," he told himself patiently, and was glad to enter the wide portals of Lazarus'

Hotel. A grand swarthy Greek, magnificent in a scarlet jacket and gold braid, pulled open the door for him, and heard his mission smilingly.

"A brass-a image," he repeated. "Sir, you wait-a in the bar, an' I tell-a the boy go look."

"You must be quick, then," said Dawson, "'cause I'm in a hurry to get back."

"Yals," smiled the Greek. "Bimeby he rain-a bad."

"Rain?" queried Dawson incredulously. The air was like balm.

"You see," the Greek nodded.

"This-a way, sir. I go look-a quick."

Dawson waited in the bar, where a dark sallow barman stared him out of countenance for twenty minutes. At the end of that time the image was forthcoming. The ugly thing had burst the paper in which it was wrapped, and its grinning bullet-head projected handily. The paper was wiped about its middle like a petticoat. Dawson took it thankfully from the Greek, and made suitable remuneration in small silver.

"Bimeby rain," repeated the Greek, as he opened the door for him again.

"Well, I'm not made of sugar," replied Dawson, and set off.

It was night now, for in Mozambique evening is but a brief hiatus between darkness and day. It lasts only while the sun is dipping; once the upper limb is under the horizon it is night, full and absolute. As Dawson retraced his steps the sky over him was velvet-black, barely punctured by faint stars, and a breeze rustled faintly from the sea. He had not gone two hundred yards when a large warm drop of rain splashed on his neck. Another pattered on his hat, and it was raining, leisurely, ominously.

Dawson pulled up and took thought. At the end of the main street he would have to turn to the left to the sea-front, and then to the left again to

reach the landing-stage. If, now, there were any nearer turning to the left—if any of the dark alleys that opened continually beside him were passable—he might get aboard the steamer to his dinner in the second-class saloon with a less emphatic drenching than if he went round by the way he had come. Mozambique, he reflected, could not have only one street—it was too big for that. From the steamer, as it came to anchor, he had seen acre upon acre of flat roofs, and one of the gloomy alleys beside him must surely debouch upon the sea-front. He elected to try one anyhow, and accordingly turned aside into the next.

With ten paces he entered such a darkness as he had never known. The alley was barely ten feet wide: it lay like a crevasse between high windowless walls of houses. The warm leisurely rain dropped perpendicularly upon him from an invisible sky, and presently, hugging the wall, he butted against a corner, and found, or guessed, that his way was no longer straight. Underfoot there was mud and garbage that once gulfed him to the knee, and nowhere in all those terrible silent walls on each side of him was there a light or a door, nor any sight of life near at hand. He might have been in a catacomb, companioned by the dead. The stillness and the loneliness scared and disturbed him. He turned on a sudden impulse to make his way back to the lights of the street.

But this was to reckon without the map of Mozambique—which does not exist. Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fared cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea of where the street lay and where the

sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him that he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it: it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It whipped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing, but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand, still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it, but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect, he searched for it, groping elbow-deep in the slush and water, found it, and stumbled on. Another corner presented itself; he came round it, and almost at once a light showed itself.

It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it. A hum of voices within abated as he knocked, and there was silence. He hammered again, and he heard bolts being withdrawn inside. The door opened slowly, and a man looked out.

"I've lost my way," flustered Dawson pitifully. "I'm wet through, and I don't know where I am." Even as he spoke the rain was cutting through his clothes like blades. "Please let me in," he concluded. "Please let me in."

The man was backed by the light, and Dawson could see nothing of him save that he was tall and stoutly made. But he laughed and opened the door a foot farther to let him pass in.

"Come in," he bade him. His voice was foreign and high. "Come in. All may come in to-night."

Dawson entered, leading a trail of water over the floor of bare boards. His face was running wet, and he was newly dazzled with the light. But when he had wiped his eyes, he drew a deep breath of relief and looked about him. The room was unfurnished save for a littered table and some chairs, and a gaudy picture of the Virgin that hung on the wall. On each side of it was a sconce, in which a slovenly candle guttered. A woman was perched on a corner of the table, a heavy shawl over her head. Under it the dark face, propped in the fork of her hand, glowed sullenly, and her bare white arm was like a menacing thing.

Dawson bowed to her with an instinct of politeness. In a chair near her a grossly fat man was huddled, scowling heavily under thick fair brows, while the other man, he who had opened the door, stood smiling.

The woman laughed softly as Dawson ducked to her, scanning him with an amusement that he felt as ignominy. But she pointed to the image dangling in his hand.

"What is that?" she asked.

Dawson laid it on the floor carefully. "It's a curio," he explained. "I was fetching it for a lady. An idol, you know."

The fat man burst into a hoarse laugh, and the other man spoke to Dawson.

"An' you?" he queried. "What you doing 'ere, so late an' so wet?"

"I was trying to take a short cut to the landing-stage," Dawson replied. "Like a silly fool, I thought I could find my way through here. But I got lost somehow."

The fat man laughed again.

"You come off the German steamer?" suggested the woman.

Dawson nodded. "I came ashore with some friends," he answered, "from the second class. But I left

them to go back to fetch this idol, and here I am."

The tall man who had opened the door turned to the woman.

"So we mus' wait a leetle longer for your frien's," he said.

She tossed her head sharply.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Mother of God! Would you walk abroad with your knives for ever? When every day other men are taken, can you ask to go free? Am I the wife of the Intendente?"

"No, nod the wife!" barked the stout man violently. "But if you gan't tell us nodding better than to stop for der police to dake us, vot's der good of you?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"I have done all that one could do," she answered sullenly, with defiant eyes. "Seven months you have done as you would, untouched. That was through me. Now, fools, you must take your turn—one month, three months, six months—who knows?—in prison. One carries a knife—one goes to prison! What would you have?"

"Gif der yong man a chair, Tonio," said the fat man, and his companion reached Dawson a seat. He sat on it in the middle of the floor, while they wrangled around him. He gathered that the two men anticipated a visit from the police very shortly, and that they blamed it on the woman, who might have averted it. Both the men accused her of their misfortune, and she faced them dauntlessly. She tried to bring them, it seemed, to accept it as inevitable, as a thing properly attendant on them; to show that she, after all, could not change the conditions of existence.

"You stabbed the Greek," she argued once, turning sharply on the tall man.

"Well," he began, and she flourished her hand as an *ergo*.

"Life is not spending money," she even philosophized. "One pays for

living, my friend, with work, with pain, with jail. Here you have to pay. I have paid for you, seven months nearly, with smiles and love. But the price is risen. It is your turn now."

Dawson gazed at her fascinated. She spoke and gesticulated with a captivating spirit. Life brimmed in her. As she spoke her motions were arguments in themselves. She put a case and demolished it with a smile; presented the alternative, left a final word unspoken, and the thing was irresistible. Dawson, perched lonely on his chair, experienced a desire to enter the conversation.

But the two men were beyond conviction. "Why didn't you"—do this or that? the tall man kept asking, and his fat comrade exploded, "Yes, vy?" They seemed to demand of her that she should accept blame without question, and to her answers, clear and ready, the fat man retorted with a gross oath.

"Excuse me, sir," began Dawson, shocked. He was aching to be on the woman's side.

"Vot?" demanded the fat man.

"That's hardly the way to speak to a lady," said Dawson gravely.

The tall man burst into a clear laugh, and the fat man glared at Dawson. He flinched somewhat, but caught the woman's eye and found comfort and reinforcement there. She, too, was smiling, but gratefully, and she gave him a courteous little nod of thanks.

"I don't like to hear such language used to a lady," he said, speaking manfully enough, and giving the fat man eyes as steady as his own. "No gentleman would do it, I'm sure."

"Vot der hell you got to do mit it?" demanded the other ferociously, while his companion laughed.

The woman held up a hand. "Do not quarrel," she said. "There is trouble enough already. Besides, they

may be here any moment. Is there anything to get ready?"

"But vot der hell," cried the fat man again. She turned on him.

"Fool! fool! Will you shout and brawl all night, till the chains are on you?"

"Your chains: you put them on us," the tall man interrupted.

She turned swiftly on him.

"Why do you lie?" she demanded hotly. "Why do you lie? Must you hide even from your own blame behind my skirts? Mother of God!"—an outstretched hand called the tawdry Virgin on the wall to witness—"you are neither man nor good beast—just—"

The tall man interrupted. "Don' go on!" he said quietly. "Don' go on!" His eyes were shining, and he carried one hand beneath his coat. "Don' dare to go on!"

"Dare!" The woman lifted her face insolently, brought up her bare arm with a slow sweep, and puffed once at an imaginary cigarette. There was so much of defiance in the action that Dawson, watching her breathless, started to his feet with something hard and heavy in his hand. It was the idol.

"Thief!" said the woman slowly, gazing under languorous eyelids at the white venomous face of the tall man. "Thief and—" she leaned forward and said the word, the ultimate and supreme insult of the coast.

It was barely said when there flashed something in the man's hand. He was poised on his toes, leaning forward a little, his arm swinging beside him. The woman flung both arms before her face and cried out; then leaned rapidly aside as a pointed knife whizzed past her head and stuck twanging in the wall behind her. The man sprang forward, and the next instant the room was chaos, for Dawson, tingling to his extremities, stepped in and spread him out with a

crashing blow on the head. The "idol" was his weapon.

The stout German thundered an oath and heaved to his feet, fumbling at his hip and babbling broken profanity.

Dawson swung the image and stepped towards him.

"Keep still," he cried, "or I'll brain you!"

"Der hell!" vociferated the German, and fired swiftly at him. The room filled with smoke, and Dawson, staggering unhurt, but with his face stung with powder, did not see the man fall. As the German drew the revolver clear, the woman knifed him in the neck, and he collapsed on his face, belching blood upon the boards of the floor. The woman stood over him, the knife still in her hand, looking at Dawson with a smile.

"My God!" he said as he glanced about him. The tall man was lying at his feet, huddled hideously on the floor. "My God!" And he stooped to the body.

The woman touched him on the shoulder. "Come," she said. "It's no good. It was a grand blow, a king's blow. You cannot help him."

"But—but—" he flustered as he rose. The emergency was beyond him. He had only half a strong man's equipment—the mere brawn. "Two men killed. I must get back to the ship."

He saw the woman smiling, and caught at his calmness. There was comprehension in her eyes, and to be understood is so often to be despised. "You must come too," he added, on an impulse, and stopped, appalled by the idea.

"To the ship?" she cried, and laughed. "Oh, la la! But no! Still, we must go from here. The police will be here any minute, and if they find you—" She left it unsaid, and the gap was ominous.

The police! To mention them was to touch all that was conventional, sub-

urban, and second-class in Dawson. He itched to be gone. A picture of Vine Street police-court and a curtly aloof magistrate flashed across his mind, and a reminiscence of evening-paper headlines, and his mind fermented hysterically.

The woman put back her knife in some secret recess of her clothes, and opened the door cautiously. "Now!" she said, but paused, and came back. She went to the picture of the Virgin and turned its face to the wall. "One should not forget respect," she observed, apologetically. "These things are remembered. Now come."

No sooner were they in the gloomy alley outside than the neighborhood of others was known to them. There was a sound of many feet ploughing in the mud, and a suppressed voice gave a short order. The woman stopped and caught Dawson's arm.

"Hush!" she whispered. "It is the police. They have come for the men. They will be on both sides of us. Wait and listen."

Dawson stood rigid, his heart thumping. The darkness seemed to surge around him with menaces and dangers. The splashing feet were nearer, coming up on their right, and once some metal gear clinked as its wearer scraped against the wall. He could smell men, as he remembered afterwards. The woman beside him retained her hold on his arm, and remained motionless till it seemed that the advancing men must run into them.

"Come quietly," she whispered at length, putting warm lips to his ear. Her hand dropped along his arm till she grasped his fingers. She led him swiftly away from the place, having waited till the police should be so near that the noise of their advance would drown their own retreat.

On they went, then, as before, swishing through the foulness under-

foot, and without speaking. Only at times the woman's hold on his hand would tighten, and, meeting with no response, would slaken again, and she would draw him on ever more quickly.

"Where are we going?" he ventured to ask.

"We are escaping," she answered, with a brief tinkle of laughter. "If you knew what we are escaping from, you would not care where. But hurry, always!"

Soon, however, she paused, still holding his hand. Again they heard footsteps, and this time the woman turned to him desperately.

"There is a door near by," she breathed. "We must find it, or—" again the unspoken word. "Feel always along the wall there. Farther, go farther. It should be here."

They sprang on, with hands to the rough plaster on the wall, till Dawson encountered the door, set level with the wall, for which they sought.

"Push," panted the woman, heaving at it with futile hands. "Push it in."

Dawson laid his shoulder to it, his arms folded, and shoved desperately till his head buzzed. As he eased up he heard the near feet of the menacing police again.

"You must push it in!" cried the woman. "It is the only way. If not —"

"Here, catch hold of this," said Dawson, and she found the bronze image in her hands. "Let me come," he said, and standing back a little, he flung his twelve stone of bone and muscle heavily on the door. It creaked, and some fastening within broke and fell to the ground.

Once again he assaulted it, and it was open. They passed rapidly within, and closed it behind them, and with the woman's hand guiding, Dawson stumbled up a long, narrow, sloppy stair, that gave on to the flat roof of the building. Above them was sky

again. The rain had passed, and the frosty stars of Mozambique shone faintly. He took a deep breath as he received the image from the hands of the woman.

"You hear them?" she said, and he listened with a shudder to the passing of the men below.

"But we must go on," she said. "We are not safe yet. Over the wall to the next roof. Come!"

They clambered over a low parapet, and dropped six feet to another level. Dawson helped the woman up the opposite wall, and she sat reconnoitring on the top.

"Come quietly," she warned him, and he clambered up beside her and looked down at the roof before them. In a kind of tent persons appeared to be sleeping: their breath was plainly to be heard.

"You must walk like a rat," she whispered, smiling, and lowered herself. He followed. She was crouching in the shadow of the wall, and drew him down beside her. Somebody had ceased to sleep in the tent, and was gabbling drowsily, in a monotonous sing-song.

Out of the tent crawled a man, lean and black and bearded, with a sheet wrapped around him. He stood up and looked around, yawning. The woman nestled closer to Dawson, who gripped instinctively on the bronze image. The man walked to the parapet on their left and looked over, and then walked back to the tent and stood irresolutely, muttering to himself. Squatted under the wall, Dawson found room amid the race of his disordered thoughts to wonder that he did not instantly see them.

He was coming towards them, and Dawson felt the shoulder that pressed against his arm shrug slightly. The man was ten paces away, walking right on to them, and looking to the sky, when, with throbbing temples and

tense lips, Dawson rose, ran at him, and gripped him. He had the throat in the clutch of his right hand, and strangled the man's yell as it was conceived. They went down together, writhing and clutching, Dawson uppermost, the man under him scratching and slapping at him with open hands. He drew up a knee and found a lean chest under it, drove it in, and choked his man to silence and unconsciousness.

"Take this, take this," urged the woman, bending beside him. She pressed her slender-bladed knife on him. "Just a prick, and he is still for ever."

Dawson rose. "No," he said. "He's still enough now. No need to kill him." He looked at the body and from it to the woman. "Didn't I get him to rights?" he asked exultantly.

She raised her face to his.

"It was splendid," she said. "With only the bare hands to take an armed man—"

"Armed!" repeated Dawson.

"Surely," she answered. "That, at least, is always sure. See," she pulled the man's sheet wide. Girt into a loin-cloth below was an ugly broad blade. "Yes, it was magnificent. You are a man, my friend."

"And you," he said, thrilled by her adulation, "are a woman."

"Then," she began spiritedly; but in a heat of cordial impulse he took her to him and kissed her on the lips.

"I was wondering when it would be," she said slowly, as he released her. "When you spoke to the German about the bad word, I began to wonder. I knew it would come. Kiss me again, my friend, and we will go on."

"Are we getting towards the landing-stage?" he asked her, as the next roof was crossed. "I mustn't miss my boat, you know."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "You want to go back?"

"Well, of course," he replied, in some surprise. "That's what I was trying to do when I knocked at your door. I've missed my dinner as it is."

"Missed your dinner?" she repeated, with a bubble of mirth. "Ye-es; you have lost that, but,"—she came to him and laid a hand on his shoulder, speaking softly,—*"but you have seen me. Is it nothing, friend, to have saved me?"*

He had stopped, and she was looking up to him, half-smiling, half-entreating, wholly alluring. He looked down into her dark face with a sudden quickening about the heart.

"And all this fighting," she continued, as though he were to be convinced of something. "You conquer men as though you were bred on the roofs of Mozambique. You fight like—like a hero. It is a rush, a blow, a tumble, and you have them huddled at your feet. And when you remember all this, will you not be glad, friend—will you not be glad that it was for me?"

He nodded, clearing his throat huskily. Her hand on his shoulder was a thing to charm him to fire.

"I'd fight—I'd fight for you," he replied uneasily, "as long as—as long as there was any one to fight."

He was feeling his way in speech, as best he could, past conventionalities. There had dawned on him, duskily and half-seen, the unfitness of little proprieties and verbose frills while he went to war across the roofs with this woman.

"You would," she said fervently, with half-closed eyes. "I know you would."

She dropped her hand, and stood beside him in silence. There was a long pause. He guessed she was waiting for the next move from him, and he nerved himself to be adequate to her unspoken demand.

"You lead on," he said at last unsteadily.

"Where?" she asked breathlessly.

He did not speak, but waved an open hand that gave her the freedom of choice. It was his surrender to the wild spirit of the Coast, and he grasped the head of the brass image the tighter when he had done it. She and Fate must guide now: it rested with him only to break opposite heads.

She smiled and shivered. "Come on, then," she said, and started before him.

They traversed perhaps a score of roofs enclosed with high parapets, on to each of which he lifted her, hands in her armpits, swinging her cleanly to the level of his face and planting her easily and squarely on the coping. He welcomed each opportunity to take hold of her and put out the strength of his muscles, and she sat where he placed her, smiling and silent, while he clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

At length a creaking wooden stair that hung precariously on the sheer side of a house brought them again to the ground level. It was another gloomy alley into which they descended, and the darkness about him and the mud underfoot struck Dawson with a sense of being again in familiar surroundings. The woman's hand slid into his as he stood, and they started along again together.

The alley seemed to be better frequented than that of which he already had experience. More than once dark, sheeted figures passed them by, noiseless save for the underfoot swish in the mud, and presently the alley widened into a little square, at one side of which there was a fresh rustle of green things. At the side of it a dim light showed through a big open door, from which came a musical murmur of voices, and Dawson recognized a church.

"The Little Garden of St. Sebastien," murmured the woman, and led him on to cross the square. A figure that had

been hidden in the shadow now lounged forth, and revealed itself to them as a man in uniform. He stood across their way, and accosted the woman briefly in Portuguese.

Dawson stood fidgeting while she spoke with him. He seemed to be repeating a brief phrase over and over again, harshly and irritably; but she was cajoling, remonstrating, arguing, as he had seen her argue in that ill-fated room an hour back.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Dawson impatiently.

"He says he won't let me go," answered the woman, with a tone of despair in her voice.

"The devil he won't! What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, these little policemen, they always arrest me when they can," she replied, with a smile.

"Here, you!" cried Dawson, addressing himself to the man in uniform,—*"you go away. Voetsaak, see! You mind your own business, and get out."*

The officer drawled something in his own tongue, which was of course unintelligible to Dawson, but it had the effect of annoying him strangely.

"You little beast!" he said, and knocked the man down with his fist.

"Run," hissed the woman at his elbow,—*"run before he can get up. No, not that way. To the church, and out by another way!"*

She caught his hand, and together they raced across the square and in through the big door.

There were a few people within, most sleeping on the benches and along the floor by the walls. In the chancel there were others, masked by the lights, busy with some office. A wave of sudden song issued from among them as Dawson and the woman entered, and gave way again to the high emaculate gibbering of a man that stood before the altar. All along the sides of the church was

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shadow, and the woman speedily found a little arched door.

"Come through the middle of it," she whispered urgently to Dawson, as she packed her loose skirts together in her hand,—*"cleanly through the middle; do not rub the wall as you come."*

He obeyed and followed her, and they were once more in the darkness of an alley.

"It was the door of the lepers," she explained, as she let her skirts swish down again. "See, there is the light by the sea!"

The wind came cleanly up the alley, and soon they were at its mouth, where a lamp flickered in the breeze. Dawson drew a deep breath, and tucked the image under his arm. His palm was sore with the roughness of its head.

"Some one is passing," said the woman in a low tone. "Wait here till they are by."

Footsteps were approaching along the front, and very soon Dawson heard words and started.

"What is it?" whispered the woman, her breath on his neck.

"Listen!" he answered curtly.

The others came within the circle of the lamp—a girl and two men.

"I do hope he's found my idol," the girl was saying.

Dawson stepped into the light, and they turned and saw him.

"Why, here he is," exclaimed Miss Paterson shrilly.

He raised his hat to the woman, who stood at the entrance to the alley—raised it as he would have raised it to a waitress in a bun-shop, and went over to the people from the second-class saloon.

"I found it," he said, lifting the image forward, and brushing with his hand at the foulness of blood and hair upon it. "But I was almost thinking I should miss the boat."

Perceval Gibbon.

THE BUTTERFLY-HUNTER.

Why did I go to the island of Crete? In the first place Cairo was hot in May and June, to say the very least of it, and though I am fairly happy with the thermometer up to 100° Fahrenheit, I do object to the mercury rising above that point! For this same reason I could not easily visit the regions of Upper Egypt, and an attempt I made to arrange an expedition on camels to Mount Sinai *via* Suez, had resulted in my being officially informed that for any European to cross that desert at this season would be almost certain death. So I became discouraged, and began to grow weary of the land of the Pharaohs, where in these latter days the modern Englishman has become so completely master of the situation, and has made his presence so palpably felt, that Cairo, at least, stands daily in imminent peril of becoming little else than an ordinary European town. I also began to think that some mountain air would be decidedly refreshing; besides which—and this was the real reason for my wanting to visit Crete—in my capacity of entomologist, the knowledge that a certain little brown butterfly was said to inhabit the Psyloriti Mountains, in the centre of the island, and nowhere else, was a huge inducement to me to go there; for *Lycaena psylorita* (doubtless named after his habitat), though of most insignificant and trifling appearance to the eye of the ordinary mortal, was a prize worth getting in the estimation of an entomologist. I have heard it spoken of as "the long-lost *Lycaena*." Indeed, so long is it since the event of its capture has been recorded, that some have even expressed themselves doubtful of its existence at

all, or in any case have thrown great discredit on its right to be classed as a distinct species, but consider it to be "merely a local variety of *Astrache*" (one of our common English butterflies). As far as I knew, this might or might not have been the case; indeed, I felt certain only on one point, and that was that if it *did* exist I would search the island till I found it!

I was most fortunate in securing the services of an excellent Greek courier, named Roussos, for my enterprise. I picked him up at the Piræus, and he came away with me, just as he was, almost at a moment's notice.

The first thing I discovered, before reaching my destination, was the reason why the "island which is called Crete," when spoken of in Biblical times, was mentioned as having a harbor "*not* commodious to winter in." Indeed, I cannot imagine what the conditions of landing can be like during that stormy season of the year; for though it was June when I was there, the sea off the coast of Candia was almost invariably in such a tumultuous condition that the big steamers were obliged to anchor about a mile out from the land, when of course the usual disembarkment by means of little boats had to come into play. After Roussos and all my luggage had been transferred to the boat, and the time came for me to descend the rickety gangway steps at the side of the Austrian Lloyd Steamer, I found myself standing helplessly on the little shaky, perforated platform below, utterly destitute of the physical courage to make a spring, just at the right moment when the boat was on my level, be-

fore it was once more borne down by the violence of the waves, some eight or ten feet into the trough of the sea. After one or two unsuccessful attempts Roussos consulted with the boatmen, and then informed me that one of the men would join me on the platform, and treating me as a piece of luggage, would, at the first propitious moment, throw me into the arms of one of the other men in the boat; but he added that I must make up my mind to let go of the chain and give myself up entirely to the management of the two men. This required some nerve, but I knew that Roussos was right, and as there seemed to be no other alternative, I strenuously resisted any latent inclination to cling frantically to the chain, with the result that a few minutes later I found myself rolling over at the bottom of the boat on the top of the man who had received me, and we were soon leaping over the waves and making towards the shore.

So much for my arrival at Candia. Never was I more thankful to set foot on dry land; indeed, I had already begun to understand why the *psylorita* was said to be one of the rarest butterflies in Europe, and that it fails to be represented in so many collections.

Two days later, on June 24th, Roussos having made all necessary arrangements, we started off on horseback early in the morning for the centre of the island. We first skirted the coast west of Candia, which I protested against loudly, but to no purpose, as Stauroulis (the *agôyâtis*, or muleteer) declared there was no other road. This I totally declined to believe; but as I could not get Roussos also to discredit the man's statement, we pursued the coast-line for some considerable distance, till at last, to my satisfaction and the relief of Roussos, we began to ascend the side of a mountain. At the foot of this mountain I found *Danais chrysippus* in some quantities, but

rather the worse for wear. (I had also observed this butterfly more than once flying about in the streets of Cairo.) Here, too, I came across *Cænonympha thyrsis*, another Cretan rarity; and I may state that this butterfly appears to occur all over the island in considerable abundance, almost from the sea-level up to the greatest height I was able to attain on the mountains.

But not so the *psylorita*. All that day we rode on without seeing a sign of it. At midday we halted at the monastery of Sabatiana, where the monks provided me with a luncheon of poached eggs and bread; after which I took a siesta in an upper apartment, something like a granary, on the floor of which a large rat gambolled playfully at intervals. Then, by-and-by, we pushed on again. Not a butterfly worth looking at could I see anywhere, except the never-failing *C. thyrsis*, and a few stray *Satyrus amalthea*, which occur in such profusion in Greece.

We had at last turned our backs upon the coast, and were making straight inland. The mountain paths were intolerably bad; I have never ridden over such infamously rough tracks before. Our poor animals had literally to scramble up some of the places. My little horse fell with me twice. The first time he entirely lost his footing and completely collapsed, and had I been riding in the usual authorized fashion for ladies, which I have long since found to be quite impracticable in these countries, nothing could have saved me from being pitched off head foremost on to the rocks. As it was, I managed to keep my seat; but I must own I have known more pleasant experiences than to find myself on the back of a struggling horse, making convulsive efforts to regain his footing on the rocky surface of a steep mountain path, entirely composed of large loose stones. My greatest fear was lest he should roll over on one side, and then I should

not have had a chance of escaping uninjured. Stauroullis, with the luggage horse, was on in front at the time, and Roussos was bringing up the rear. At the sight of what had occurred, both dismounted with much alacrity and ran to my assistance, arriving on the scene of action from opposite directions simultaneously, just as the little horse had regained his footing, wonderful to relate, without a scratch, and none the worse for what had taken place.

Roussos' programme for that night was another monastery, which he described as much larger, and very superior to the one we had stopped at for luncheon. I suppose it *was* somewhat better, but I must own it is much to be deplored that the monks and priests of the Greek Church are not a little more inclined to bear in mind that "cleanliness is next to godliness." I never pass a night in a Greek monastery without having good cause to regret that I am not an hemipterist,¹ or still more, that I could not temporarily change places with one for the time being. But the kindness and hospitality of these monks is delightful, and the simple lives they lead, chiefly occupied in cultivating the land, gives them a natural grace and simplicity of manner which, in this age of shams and inanities, is very refreshing. This monastery was only five hundred feet above the sea-level, beautifully and romantically situated, as is always the case with these monastic dwellings; but it is generally with feelings of considerable relief that one rides away in the fresh early morning, vainly hoping for better luck in the way of accommodation next time. We were now making straight for the very heart of the island, although the summit of Mount Ida was often hidden behind nearer though less elevated mountains, and

when it did appear it still looked very far distant. But patient perseverance and dogged determination, both of which qualities I happen to possess, generally carry the day; and I told Roussos that at all costs that mountain must be reached, and duly explored, till the "long lost *Lycaena*" should be found. The mountain paths seemed to be rather less rough, or possibly I was getting more accustomed to them; anyhow, a good part of our way now lay through shady, level lanes, where, with but a very slight stretch of imagination, I might have fancied myself in England. Tall oak trees met overhead, and hedges of dog-rose and hawthorn grew on either side, by sloping grassy banks. Neither were the butterflies which met my ever-searching glance in any way calculated to dispel the illusion of this English rural effect; for though *C. thyrsis* did replace our *C. pamphilus*, the only *Satyrus* was *S. semele*, the *Chrysophanus* were represented by *C. phlaeas*; *Epinephele janira*, scarcely worthy to be called *Hispulla*, was abundant everywhere, and alas! the only *Lycaena* was *L. icarus*!

This was decidedly discouraging; as was also the squalid appearance of the shepherd's village where, no monastery being available, Roussos informed me we must put up for the night. The accommodation placed at my disposal was a kind of long upper granary, entered from below by a trap-door at the top of a rickety staircase; and this place was stored with all sorts of things, so that it bore no resemblance whatsoever to a sleeping apartment, as there was not even such a thing as a bed in it. However, Roussos managed to adapt a remarkably hard wooden settee for this purpose; but whether or not it would have been still harder to have had no bed at all remains an open question. The win-

¹ An entomologist especially interested in the study of bugs.

dows, of which there were several, had no attempt at glass, but only wooden shutters—which, though the air was decidedly cooler up here (2350 feet), I insisted upon having left open all night; but this slight deficiency must have made the granary quite uninhabitable during the winter, when, the peasants told us, the snow constantly lay more than a foot deep on the ground. Nor was this by any means the only disadvantage to the village of Anogni, for the spring which yielded the water supply was at least a quarter of an hour's walk down the valley; and, worst of all, the shepherds, not being satisfied with their sheep, also keep quantities of pigs; and as these disgusting animals roam at large everywhere, and walk in and out of the houses at their own sweet discretion, the intelligent reader will be able for himself to imagine the various disadvantages arising from such an arrangement.

As far as I could make out, this village was the limit of any so-called attempt at civilization, so that when I penetrated into the hitherto unexplored country beyond, I found it wild to a degree; and I was informed that there were no human habitations, except a few shepherd's huts, and these only at rare intervals. Under these circumstances, as neither Roussos nor Stauroullis seemed to know the way, I hired as guide an old shepherd, who was told to take us straight to the foot of Mount Ida. The mountain paths were more atrocious than ever. Huge blocks of stones and rocks constantly impeded our progress, and to attempt to remove these obstacles, Roussos said, would be labor for naught, as the following winter would bring them rolling down the mountain sides again, to accumulate as badly as ever. How many rocky elevations we ascended and descended that day I would not

commit myself to say; but my aneroid never mounted much above 4000 to 4500 feet.

The ground was rough and barren, and insects were few and far between. I saw one or two *Satyrus Amalthea*, and *C. thyrsis* continued to hold its own with a persistency which was most commendable, only I could not help wishing that a few other rare species had followed its example. About midday we halted at a sheep's watering place, up a gorge (about 3200 feet), where roughly hewn troughs retained water for the thirsty flocks, which came trooping down the rocky mountain sides at distressingly frequent intervals. For hardly had I reached this place, when instantly my eye caught sight of a tiny brown butterfly, flitting about over the wet stones. "*That is the psylorita*," I exclaimed at once, as usual jumping at a conclusion, which, in this instance at least, proved to be quite correct. There were a good number of them too, and in fresh condition, though they were all males. What a charming little insect it was! At least I thought so, but I believe Roussos was just a shade disappointed, though he would not have confessed it for the world. I caught all I could see, in spite of the constant interruptions caused by the flocks and herds; then we climbed a fearfully steep ascent, up which it really was impossible to ride; and by-and-by we came to a kind of plateau above, where I found more *psylorita*, and I began to think the game was worth the candle, and that the horrors of the shepherds' village were not so bad after all. The same afternoon we reached the Plain of Ida, a wide, flat tract of country, 4200 feet high; surrounded by mountains on all sides; and from here the various summits of Mount Ida really seemed comparatively quite accessible. But the first thing to be thought of was to find

some place to sleep in for that night. A cave which was suggested was afterwards disqualified, when Roussos, having climbed up the mountain on a tour of inspection, pronounced it to be dripping with water, which was collected in pools on the floor; besides which, he also discovered that such numbers of pigeons and other birds had chosen it for their habitation, that it was quite unsuitable for human beings. We therefore retraced our steps across an angle of the plain, leaving behind with much regret a beautiful spring of icy cold water, to find on the other side a shepherd's hut, built of large loose stones, in shape like a beehive, with nothing but the bare earth for its floor; and of this humble dwelling I found that I was at liberty to take undisputed possession. The entrance could not have been more than about four feet high, there was no other outlet whatsoever, and the walls were very thick and massive, so that but little light penetrated, even when the sun was shining brilliantly outside. However, there was no alternative, so I entered and took possession. I think I most regretted the long distance we now were from the spring; more especially as there were swarms of *psyllorita* there, drinking on the moist damp earth, where it trickled down, soon to be lost in the parched aridity of the plain below.

As evening drew on it became extremely chilly, so Roussos and I made a fire, which we fed with the dry brushwood. And by-and-by some wild-looking shepherds came and sat down with us, also two Cretan soldiers put in an appearance, saying they had heard there was a "foreign lady" spending the night out here, and had come to see if there was anything they could do for her. It was a delicate little attention which rather pleased me, but I could not think of any way by which I could avail myself of their

proffered services. They sat on long into the twilight, and then strode away with rapid strides, to "take the mountains as the crow flies" till they reached Anogni, at which place they said they would arrive in about four hours' time (it had taken us the better part of seven hours to come the same distance with the horses).

In the meanwhile the old shepherd, who had been sent out on a foraging expedition, to see what he could get in the way of provisions in addition to the rather scanty supply we had brought with us, had returned, bringing with him an enormous cream cheese, which was quite delicious; indeed, I may say truthfully, that though I have known more pleasant experiences than my night in the stone hovel in the wilds of Crete, I certainly had never tasted such a cream cheese in all my life before as the one procured by this same old shepherd.

Roussos made me up a bed of dry brushwood, covered with some rugs we had hired from the peasants at Anogni, also I had my own pillow and sheets, and though the floor of the "beehive" was nothing but the bare earth, I was much too tired not to be satisfied even with this arrangement, though my fear was great that some of the shepherds, not knowing that their hut was occupied, should come to it in the night and find me there. I had no light except what was derived from some five minute tapers, of which besides I had only a very limited supply, so my feeble light was soon extinguished, and then the darkness was intense. A rudely constructed door with no fastening, against the inside of which I had placed a large stone, obstructed the one outlet of this gruesome abode, and I began to feel rather as though I were spending the night in a tomb; but fatigue was a true friend to me, and I soon fell asleep.

However, when the night was far

advanced I was awakened by the sound of tinkling sheep-bells, while heavy footsteps vibrated close to my ear, which was on the ground; also the cries of the shepherds fell discordantly on the still darkness,—evidently the flocks were changing pasture in the night. Roussos was located in another hut some fifty to a hundred yards away, and was probably sound asleep. However, I was resolved what to do, should my worst fears be realized and the shepherds come to their hut. As soon as I found that my barrier was pushed aside, and before anyone could enter, I would rise up from my bed, a tall, white figure in the gloom, and pretend to be a ghost. Not only would these superstitious peasants beat a hasty retreat then, but I doubt if any of them would ever have dared to enter that hut again, at least after dark. But of course there was always the possibility that one more valiant than the rest might aim a stray pistol-shot at "the ghost" before retiring; and that might have been a trifle awkward. So on the whole I was relieved to hear the vibrating footsteps become fainter, and the tinkling of the bells die gradually away; while the occasional bleating of a tired sheep became more and more distant. Then I ventured to strike a match to see the time; it was just 2 A. M. And at 4 A. M. the gray dawn was creeping through the chinks of the doorway, against which a loud banging soon told me that Roussos was on the move. "It's four o'clock," he said; "but the cold is awful." I could have told him that from inside; I was stiff all over with the agony of it, which was not surprising, for when I stepped outside to have a look around, I found that the ground was covered with a white frost, and the air was intensely sharp and keen, though the sky was as cloudless as ever, and there was not a breath of wind. Indeed, there never did seem to be much

wind in these mountains, though down on the coast it blew incessantly; but I believe the climate of Crete is practically rainless during the summer months, and so I certainly found it. Roussos said he had felt the cold so much that he had sat up all night over a fire, so I need not have troubled myself about the passing of the shepherds after all.

By-and-by, after I had dressed, the sun rose over the mountains, and the air, though still decidedly fresh, lost some of its keenness, and was so intensely pure that every breath of it was like a draught of the elixir of life. But my one night in the "beehive" had not increased my desire to climb to the top of Mount Ida. Roussos, too, argued strongly in opposition to my attempting the ascent. He informed me that we should have to walk very nearly the whole way, as there was no track available even for the little gray mule (though she was such a clever little thing, and quite an authority on mountain climbing), and the path for pedestrians was so bad as to be almost dangerous; while towards the summit it was composed entirely of a particular kind of small loose stone, which slipped under one's feet, so that for every step forward it meant two steps backward, under which circumstances our ascent would scarcely have been rapid. Then too, if we reached the top, the aridity was so great that no living thing could exist there; and the shepherds had also told Roussos that I should certainly find no butterflies under such conditions, seeing that if a sheep got lost and was accidentally left behind for one night, the cold was so terrific even in the summer, that it was invariably found dead in the morning. How much truth there was in all this I am not in a position to state; for considering that to make the ascent must inevitably mean another night in the "beehive,"

and seeing that I had already got lots of *psylorita*—that, after all, being the end I had in view—I abandoned the idea; but had I failed up to the present to secure this interesting little insect, all Roussos' arguments would have been of no avail. As it was, we returned that day to the shepherds' village, and I spent another night there, which was only bearable when I compared it with the one I passed in the "beehive."

This village was in one of the most beautiful situations I have ever seen, overlooking a glorious valley, with chains of mountains surrounding it on all sides. And when in the early morning I went down to the spring to perform my ablutions, anything more gloriously lovely than the sunrise over those mountains I cannot well imagine; those which faced the East, became a brilliant pink-mauve color, while those in the shadow were blue-mauve, and the two tints blended into one an-

other in every soft variety of tone and color. And all the way back it was literally like treading on a pathway of gold, for the sun had risen in the meantime, and the whole earth was full of loveliness, till I returned to the filthy village, when I could not but wonder how it was that perpetually living in such ennobling scenes does not elevate the minds of these people: for their dirt and squalor was something incredible, and I was indeed glad when the moment arrived for me to mount the little gray mule and ride away from Anogni.

We returned by another route to Candia, so that we were back there in nine hours. This proved that I had been right in remonstrating against Stauroullis' determination to follow the coast-line on the day of our departure, as by that means we had, of course, spent an extra day out; but this, no doubt, was precisely the end he had in view.

Margaret E. Fountaine, F. E. S.

Pall Mall Magazine.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

That is a curious story just reported from America about a Russian attempt to prevent the Government of Washington exacting damages from Turkey for certain outrages upon American mission property. It looks true as related, yet it is hard to believe that anything so foolish can actually have occurred. The story is that the American Government, worn out by Turkish shuffling and delays, proposes to use its powerful squadron now in the Mediterranean to compel payment of certain claims amounting to £50,000 due, and admitted to be due, for losses sustained by American missionaries through Turkish failure to keep order. The squadron, one supposes,

would appear off Smyrna, and in the event of further delays would arrest the payment of Custom-dues to the Turkish officers at that port, and thus greatly embarrass the Turkish Treasury. The design, it is stated, got abroad, and Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, called upon the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, to remonstrate. His Excellency did not, he said, dispute the right of the United States to press claims by the ordinary methods of diplomacy, but any coercion of Turkey by America would be most offensive to Russia, firstly, because of her own special position at Constantinople, and secondly, because she could not admit without

demur the right of the Government of Washington to interfere in European politics. It is hardly conceivable that Count Cassini, whose one object just now is to prove to Americans that Russia is a better and more useful friend than Japan can possibly be, should choose such a moment as this to annoy the Government of Washington; and we can well imagine that his remonstrance, if it was offered, and if it is ever published, will be found to be more "correct" than is represented in the telegrams; but there can be no doubt that he, like all Russians, is bitterly annoyed at the "benevolent" attitude of America towards Japan, at the appointment of Consuls in Chinese ports supposed to be in Russian hands, and at the resolute pertinacity with which the Government insists on the policy of the "open door" in the Far East. He may, therefore, have been pleased with an opportunity of remonstrance, more especially as he knows that the majority of Continental diplomatists are extremely jealous of any American action in Europe, and are inclined to maintain that if America defends the Monroe doctrine in the Western Hemisphere, she is bound in return to leave European politics alone. That was, we believe, one of the many motives which produced the suggestion that Europe as a whole should arbitrate between the United States and Spain, a suggestion which fell through only because Lord Salisbury not only declined to be a party on behalf of Great Britain to any such action, but let it be understood that Britain would not tolerate coercive measures on the part of the Continental Powers.

The theory seems to us hopelessly irrational. Even Count Cassini would hardly deny that America has become one of the great civilized Powers, and the first claim of every such Power is that it is entitled to act throughout

the world as seems best to itself in pursuit of its own purposes and the general interests of civilization. Even Europe combined has no right to give it orders, or to maintain that it is exceeding its powers of independent action. If Great Britain, for instance, considered that Turkey was putting down discontent in Armenia or Macedonia by means, such as extirpation, repulsive to the general sense of civilized mankind, it would have a right of interference, even by force, limited only by its own sense of the prudence of claiming that right. Russia or Austria might, on the plea of their own overpowering interests, assist Turkey to resist; but they could not base their resistance on a denial of the British right to move in the matter. To deny to America the right to enforce compensation for injuries caused by Turkish misrule is, therefore, to exclude her from the benefit of the general rules applied to all other great civilized States, and, in fact, to deny her right to be included in that honorable list. Upon what principle is such a denial to be based? America is as populous, as powerful, and as civilized a State as there is in the world, and her geographical position has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Or rather, it has this to do with it, that as she does not want, and could not want, territory in Europe, she is much more likely to be disinterested and impartial than any other Power. With any of the European Powers, humanity, or an individual quarrel, might be a pretext for aggression; but America cannot even wish to aggress, and may be trusted, if she demands any change, to desire that change because of the motive assigned. It is said, indeed, in some quarters that America, being so distant a Power, can have no good reason for interference; but that, surely, is matter for her own decision, not the

decision of Europe. She has as much right to her own ambitions, her own purposes, and her own complaints as any other Power, the fact that her ambitions cannot be territorial being in her favor, not against her. It is true that, being comparatively a new Power, she is not aided or hampered by volumes of old treaties, to be quoted or disregarded as occasion serves; but that fact renders her more free, not less free, to act upon general and civilized principles. There is, in reality, no case against American "interference" except the reluctance of diplomatists trained to consider Europe as their world to admit that a new State has arrived at such a position in population, wealth, and all attributes of civilization that it must be consulted when it wishes to be, and has as much right to plead the general interests of mankind as any other State. That she will be consulted is pretty clear, for after all diplomatists, like all other politicians, have to deal with facts. No State is now so strong that, unless compelled, it will declare war on the Union, and a combination of States against her is barred by the refusal of Great Britain to allow any such attempt. Seated on two oceans, with unlimited wealth, and a population possibly more patriotic than that of any white State, her weight must

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be felt in every corner of the world. The trend of events, too, is in her favor. For the next half-century the struggle of civilized mankind will be for dominance on the Pacific; and while the Union is already strong in that vast ocean, from the moment the Panama Canal is cut she will be the strongest State upon its shores. Alone, or in alliance with Japan, she could debar Europe from the trade of the future or from expansion in the Far East. At this moment, to give only one illustration, she could paralyze the Russian effort to re-create a fleet in that region, and make even unhopedor victory over Japan comparatively worthless. To talk, therefore, if any one has talked, of her being an intruder in European politics is positively foolish, the only wise course for the diplomatists being to admit her at once, before they must, to all European councils, and to treat her in all matters, whether of importance or only of ceremonial, as an honored member of that great European family which claims the primacy of the world, and certainly disposes of the greater portion of its strength and wealth. America is no longer an outsider, and the attempt to treat her as one does but turn valuable friendship into bitterness.

MAURUS JOKAI.

There died the other day one of the most fascinating and many-sided personalities of modern times, one who was at once a man of action and a man of letters, an admirable writer, a clever caricaturist, a useful politician, an excellent Parliamentary debater, a journalist of the first rank—and the best of good fellows. I al-

lude, of course, to Maurus Jókai, at whose grave the whole Hungarian nation now stands in mourning.

Maurus Jókai was a scion of the good old county family of the Jokays of Asva, and first saw the light of day at Rév-Komárom, February 19th, 1825. He was educated for the law, the profession of his father, whom he

lost while still a lad; but after obtaining his advocate's diploma and winning his first case, he abandoned jurisprudence for literature, migrated to Pesth, and at the age of twenty-two as the editor of its literary journal *Elétképek* (in whose columns his first considerable romance, "Hét Köznápok," originally appeared) rallied round him all the rising talent of young Hungary, chief among whom was his quondam schoolfellow, the great national poet Petöfi. The revolution of 1848-9 drove him into politics. He served the popular cause with both sword and pen, accompanied the constantly perambulating Hungarian Government from place to place, was dispatched by Kossuth on a special mission to Vienna, and just missed being present at the final catastrophe at Világos. For some time after the collapse of the patriots he had to lie in hiding. Indeed, it was only an adroit artifice of his devoted and accomplished wife, Rosa Benke, the great actress, whom he married in 1848, that saved him from the fate of Haynau's victims. Throughout the fifties, during which time he continued to be more or less of a suspect, he devoted himself to the rehabilitation of the Hungarian literature and language by writing a whole series of tales and romances, a few among the most notable of which were "Erdély aranykora," "Törökvilág Magyarországon," "Egymagyar nábob," "Fehér rózsza," "Janicsárok végnapjai," "Kárpáthy Zoltán," "A régi jó táblorírák," besides editing three literary and two comic papers, one of which he illustrated.

When Hungary in 1861 recovered her liberties, Jokai, who received political mandates from every part of the country, re-entered public life, quickly established his reputation as a debater, and steadily supported the stable and moderate Tisza administration, whose organ, the *Hón*, he

founded, and edited for eighteen years. Although he never accepted office, he frequently rendered valuable services to the ministry in critical times, and, though always a moderate man, fought two duels in support of his opinions. Yet his various public and social duties did not in the least interfere with his literary activity, and during the last forty years of his life he wrote with his own hand no fewer than two hundred volumes of novels and tales, besides plays, poems, essays, a treatise on gardening, and a history of Hungary in three volumes. A very large proportion of this astounding output is of permanent literary value. To the very day of his death his extraordinary powers showed not the slightest sign of decay or exhaustion, and amongst the productions of his later years we find such classics as "A sarga rozsa," "A tengerszemű hűlgy" (which won the Pécely Prize of the Hungarian Academy), "Szabadság a hó alatt," "A jövő század," "Az élet komédiasal," "A szép Mikhál," and "Az arany ember." The last book contains some of his very finest work, including unsurpassable descriptions of Danube scenery. The death of his first wife in 1886 was a great blow to him, though somewhat relieved by the intense and touching sympathy of the whole nation, which eight years later celebrated his literary jubilee as a national festival with unprecedented enthusiasm and magnificence.

Jókai was the most romantic of the romantics, and the eccentricities, artificialities, and exaggerations of the romantic school abound in his novels, and to a lesser extent in his tales. But he was also a great humorist, a still greater poet, a perfect master of style, and a consummate story-teller. In some respects he reminds one of the elder Dumas, in others he is close akin to Dickens; in others, again, we

detect the influence of Hugo and George Sand. But all these resemblances are, after all, slight and superficial. The great Magyar romancer really owed very little to any of his contemporaries, and drew his inspiration mainly from his own inexhaus-

The Athenæum.

tible resources. His influence abroad has been but slight, although many of his works have been translated into every European language; but there is not a single writer in modern Hungary who does not owe something to him.

R. Nisbet Bain.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An English publisher announces a book on "The Secret of Petrarch." The first part is a sort of poetic study of the mysterious Laura of Petrarch's life, while the second part takes up various matters relating to Petrarch which are still under discussion.

The eleventh volume of the documentary history of The Philippine Islands, (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland) covers the years 1599-1602. The most stirring event of this period was the raid of a Dutch fleet commanded by Oliver van Noordt, who had it in mind to plunder and ravage the Spanish settlements, and who did them much mischief, although he was driven off. This episode was disquieting both to the Spaniards and the natives, and it accentuated difficulties already serious enough over questions of tribute and discipline and the relations of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. The island treasury was nearly empty, the list of officials to be supported was long, there were hints of corruption and nepotism, and the ecclesiastics were forever wanting new grants and new churches. The charges of appearing at official councils in negligé attire, which were brought against Governor-General Tello in the last volume seem to have had their effect in Spain, for in this volume we find him superseded, and his successor expressly warned against such disregard of official proprieties.

The house which Thackeray built for himself at Palace Green, Kensington, is the only one of his London homes which bears a commemorative tablet. The "Strand" says of it:

It is a fine red-brick mansion in the Queen Anne style, albeit somewhat altered since Thackeray's time, having been considerably enlarged in recent years.

Before his new home was completely furnished Thackeray gave a house-warming entertainment, at which the "W. Empty House Theatricals" was the principal feature. Thackeray himself took no active part in the performance, but it is interesting as showing his intense love of a pun. As Mr. Herman Merivale, who was the acting-manager of the occasion, said: "Of all things Thackeray loved a pun, and the worse it was the better he loved it. He drew up his playbill himself, and two things he insisted on . . . and, secondly, that 'W. Empty House' must head the bill. Humbly I tried to persuade the great man that the joke was unworthy of him, but he insisted that it was very much wittier than anything in the play, and he would have it. W. M. T. were his initials—that is all. Dear old kindly child."

Thackeray did not live long to enjoy his new home, for on Christmas Eve, 1863, came the news of his sudden death, tidings that cast a gloom over that year's Yuletide, and affected many as with a sense of personal loss. He was but fifty-three when he died—"so young a man as Dickens said, "that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last."

THE PASSING SINGER.

O all of you that hold the gates of vision,

Fling wide your doors to those without that wait,
And lead them through the highways of your city,

And through its temples, ere it be too late.

O all of you that know love's orchard closes,

Bend down the boughs for those beyond the wall;
Gather for them from all your wealth of blossom,

And shake the branches that the fruit may fall.

O all of you made stewards of earth's treasure,

Give while you may the gold that is your trust;
For you shall lie at last where is no giving,

With helpless hands close-folded in the dust.

O all you dwelling in the house of learning,

Set forth your pages that the poor may read
The gathered wisdom that the years inherit,

In haste before you pass beyond their need.

O all of you that know the wells of gladness,

And sing beside them, share, while yet you live,
Your pitcher with the thirsty, ere, hereafter,
You hear them cry and be too poor to give.

Ah! give. The road you tread has no returning,

But stretches on into the endless night:
Then give your life, your joy, your gold, your learning;
Lift high your lamp of love and give its light.

Ethel Clifford.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

(With the Author's Poems.)

Under your green embattled down,
Past the old quay and drowsy town,
On from his many arches gray,
The Torridge takes his ancient way.

Beneath your walls he passes by,
A pensive friend, a grave ally.
Read him my songs; it seems to me
His mood and mine do well agree.

The ocean guards your Devon home;
His gifts are weed, and shell, and foam.

Wasteful of shell, and foam, and weed,
He locks his jewels fast indeed.

The poets, rich in dreams alone,
Will have you make their wealth your own;
For whoso hath must never hold
The moonrise pearl and sunset gold.

William Watson.

Pall Mall Magazine.

A SONG OF LOVE.

Do you not feel the white glow in your breast, my bird?

That is the flame of love I send to you from afar:

Not a wafted kiss, hardly a whispered word,

But love itself that flies as a white-winged star.

Let it dwell there, let it rest there, at home in your heart;

Wafted on wings of gold, it is Love itself, the Dove.

Not the god whose arrows wounded with bitter smart,

Nor the purple-fiery birds of death and love.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes:

They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes.

I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise,

With no death after, no arrow with stinging pains.

A. E.